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THE
HISTORY

OF

King *LEAR*:

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is now Acted at the

KING'S THEATRE.

Reviv'd with Alterations.

By N. TATE.



LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR, 1729.

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1729

My Esteem'd FRIEND

THOMAS BOTELER, Esq;

S I R,



YOU have a natural Right to this Piece, since by your Advice I attempted the Revival of it with Alterations. Nothing but the Pow'r of your Persuasions, and my Zeal for all the Remains of Shakespear, cou'd have wrought me to so bold an Undertaking. I found that the New-modelling of this Story, wou'd force me sometimes on the difficult Task of making the chiefest Persons speak something like their Characters, on Matter whereof I had no Ground in my Author. Lear's real and Edgar's pretended Madness have so much of extravagant Nature, (I know not how else to express it,) as you'd never have started, but from our Shakespear's Creating Fancy. The Images and Language are so odd and surprizing, and yet so agreeable and proper, that whilst we grant that none but Shakespear cou'd have form'd such Conceptions; yet we are satisfied that they were the only things in the World that ought to be said on those Occasions. I found the Whole to answer your Account of it, a Heap of Jewels, unstrung, and unpolish'd; yet so dazzling in their Disorder, that I soon perceiv'd I had seiz'd a Treasure. 'Twas my good Fortune to light on one Expedient to rectify what was wanting in the Regularity and Probability of the Tale, which was to run through the Whole, as Love betwixt Edgar and Cordelia; that never chang'd Word with each other in the Original. This renders Cordelia's Indifference, and her Father's Passion in the first Scene, probable. It likewise gives Countenance to Edgar's Disguise, making that a generous Design that was before a poor Shift to save his Life. The Distress of the Story is evidently heightened by it; and particularly gave Occasion of a new Scene, or Two, more Success (perhaps) than Merit. This Method necessarily

D E D I C A T I O N.

cessarily threw me on making the Tale conclude in a Success to the innocent destrest Persons : Otherwise I might have incumbered the Stage with dead Bodies, which Conduct makes many Tragedies conclude with unseasonable Jest. Yet was I wrack'd with no small Fears for so bold a Change, 'till I found it well receiv'd by my Audience, and if this will not satisfy the Reader, I can produce Authority that questionless will. Neither is it of so trivial an Undertaking to make a Tragedy end happily, for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill : the Dagger and Cup of Poyson are always in Readiness ; but to bring the Action to the last Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover All will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer, and cost him many a Pang in the Performance.

Mr. Dryden
Pref. to the
Spanish Fryer

I have one Thing more to apologize for, which is that I have us'd less Quaintness of Expression even in the newest Parts of this Play. I confess, 'twas Design'd on me, partly to comply with my Author's Style, to make the Scenes of a Piece, and partly to give it some Resemblance of the Time and Persons here represented. This, Sir, I submit wholly to you, who are both a Judge and Master of Style. Nature had exempted you before you were Abroad from the Morose Saturnine Humour of our Country, and you brought Home the Refinedness of Travel without the Affectation. Many Faults I see in the following Pages, and question not but you will discover more ; yet I will presume so far on your Friendship, as to make the Whole a Present to you, and Subscribe my self,

Your obliged Friend
and humble Servant,

N. Tate

P R O

PROLOGUE.

SINCE by Mistakes your best Delights are made,
(For e'en your Wives can please in Masquerade,)
'Twere worth our While to'ave drawn you in this
By a new Name to our old honest Play; (Day
But he that did this Evening's Treat prepare
Bluntly resolv'd before-hand to declare
Your Entertainment should be most old Fare.
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's Soil it grew,
'Twill relish yet, with those whose Tasts are true,
And his Ambition is to please a Few.
If then this Heap of Flow'rs shall chance to wear
Fresh Beauty in the Order they now bear,
Even this Shakespear's Praise; each Rustick knows
'Mongst plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to compose,
Which strung by this course Hand may fairer show;
But 'twas a Power Divine first made 'em grow,
Why shou'd these Scenes lie hid, in which we find
What may at once divert and teach the Mind;
Morals were always proper for the Stage,
But are ev'n necessary in this Age.
Poets must take the Churches teaching Trade;
Since Priests their Province of Intrigue invade;
But we the Worst in this Exchange have got,
In vain our Poets preach, whilst Churchmen plot.

The P E R S O N S .

K I N G *Lear,* Mr. Betterton.

Gloster, Mr. Gillo.

Kent, Mr. Wiltshire.

Edgar, Mr. Smith.

Bastard, Mr. Jo. Williams.

Cornwall, Mr. Norris.

Albany, Mr. Bowman.

Burgundy,

Gentleman Usher, Mr. Jevon.

Goneril, Mrs. Shadwell.

Regan, Lady Slingsby.

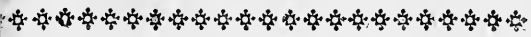
Cordelia, Mrs. Barry.

Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants

T H E



THE
HISTORY
OF
King LEAR.



ACT I.

Enter Bastard solus.

1st.



HOW Nature art my Goddess,
to thy Law
My Services are bound ; why
am I then
Depriv'd of a Son's Right,
because I came not
In the dull Road that Custom
has prescrib'd ?

Why Bastard, wherefore Base, when I can boast
Mind as gen'rous, and a Shape as true
as honest Madam's Issue ? Why are we
eld Base, who in the lusty Stealth of Nature
take fiercer Qualities than what compound
the scant'd Births of the stale Marriage-bed ;

Well

Well then, legitimate *Edgar*, to thy Right
 Of Law I will oppose a Bastard's Cunning.
 Our Father's Love is to the Bastard *Edmund*
 As to legitimate *Edgar*; with Success
 I've practis'd yet on both their easy Natures:
 Here comes the old Man chaf't with th' Information
 Which last I forg'd against my Brother *Edgar*,
 A Tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,
 And heightned by such lucky Accidents,
 That now the slightest Circumstance confirms him,
 And base-born *Edmund* spight of Law inherits.

Enter Kent and Gloster.

Gloster. Nay, good my Lord, your Charity
 O'er shoots it self to plead in his Behalf;
 You are your self a Father, and may feel
 The Sting of Disobedience from a Son
 First-born and best belov'd: Oh Villain *Edgar*!

Kent. Be not too rash, all may be Forgery,
 And Time yet clear the Duty of your Son.

Gloster. Plead with the Seas, and reason down
 Yet shall thou ne'er convince me, I have seen [Win
 His foul Designs through all a Father's Fondness:
 But be this Light and thou my Witnesses,
 That I disca'd him here from my Possessions,
 Divorce him from my Heart, my Blood, and Name.

Bast. It works as I cou'd wish; I'll shew my self.

Gloster. Ha! *Edmund*! welcome Boy; O *Kent*! see he
 Inverted Nature, *Gloster's* Shame and Glory,
 This by-born, the wild sally of my Youth,
 Pursues me with all filial Offices,
 Whilst *Edgar*, beg'd of Heaven, and born in Honour
 Draws Plagues on my white Head, that urge me still
 To curse in Age the Pleasure of my Youth.
 Nay, weep not, *Edmund*, for thy Brother's Crimes;
 O generous Boy! thou shar'st but half his Blood,
 Yet lov'st beyond the Kindness of a Brother:
 But I'll reward thy Virtue. Follow me.
 My Lord, you wait the King, who comes resolv'd
 To quit the Toils of Empire, and divide
 His Realms amongst his Daughters; Heaven succeed
 But much I fear the Change.

Kent. I grieve to see him

With such wild Starts of Passion hourly seiz'd,
As render Majesty between itself.

Gloft. Alas ! 'tis the Infirmary of his Age,
Yet has his Temper even been unfixt,
Chol'rick and sudden ; hark, they approach

[*Exeunt Gloft. and Bass.*

Flourish. Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Burgundy,
Edgar, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Edgar *speaking to*
Cordelia *at Entrance.*

Edgar. Cordelia, Royal Fair, turn yet once more,
And e'er successful Burgundy receive
The Treasure of thy Beauties from the King,
E'er happy Burgundy for ever fold Thee,
Cast back one pitying Look on wretched Edgar.

Cord. Alas ! What wou'd the wretched Edgar with
The more unfortunate Cordelia ?
Who in Obedience to a Father's Will
Flies from her Edgar's Arms to Burgundy's ?

Lear. Attend my Lords of Albany and Cornwall,
With Princely Burgundy.

Alb. We do, my Leige.

Lear. Give me this Map. — Know, Lords, we have
In Three, our Kingdom, having now resolv'd [divided
To disengage from our long Toil of State,
Conferring all upon your younger Years ;
You Burgundy, Cornwall and Albany,
Long in our Court have made your amorous sojourn,
And now are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my Daughters,
Which of you loves us most, that we may place
Our largest Bounty with our largest Merit.

Goneril, Our Eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I do love you more than Words can utter,
Beyond what can be valu'd Rich, or Rare ;
Nor Liberty, nor Sight, Health, Fame, or Beauty,
Are half so dear, my Life for you were vile,
As much as Child can love the best of Fathers.

Lear. Of all these Bounds, e'en from this Line to this,
With shady Forests, and wide-skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady ; to thine and Albany's Issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our Second Daughter ?

Reg.

Reg. My Sister, Sir, in Part, exprest my Love.
For such as hers, is mine, though more extended ;
Sense has no other Joy that I can relish,
I have my All in my dear Liege's Love.

Lear. Therefore to thee and thine Hereditary
Remain this ample Third of our fair Kingdom.

Cord. Now comes my Trial, how am I distrest, [*Afide*]
That must with cold Speech tempt the Chol'rick King
Rather to leave me Dowerless, then condemn me
To loath'd Embraces.

Lear. Speak now our last, not least in our dear Love
So ends my Task of State, — *Cordelia*, speak ;
What canst thou say to win a richer Third
Than what thy Sisters gain'd ?

Cord. Now must my Love, in Words, fall short of theirs
As much as it exceeds in Truth, — Nothing, my Lord

Lear. Nothing can come of Nothing, speak again.

Cord. Unhappy am I that I cannot Dissemble,
Sir, as I ought I love your Majesty,
No more, nor less.

Lear. Take heed, *Cordelia*.

Thy Fortunes are at stake, think better on't,
And mend thy Speech a little.

Cord. O my Liege !

You gave me Being, bred me, dearly love me,
And I return my Duty as I ought ;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you ;
Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they love you All
Haply when I shall wed, the Lord whose Hand
Shall take my Plight, will carry half my Love ;
For I shall never marry like my Sisters,
To love my Father all.

Lear. And goes thy Heart with this ?
'Tis said that I am Chol'rick, Judge me, Gods,
Is there not cause ? Now Minion, I perceive
The Truth of what has been suggested to us ;
Thy Fondness for the Rebel Son of *Gloster*,
False to his Father, as thou art to my Hopes :
And, oh ! take heed, rash Girl, lest we comply
With thy fond Wishes, which thou wilt too late
Repent ; for know our Nature cannot brook
A Child so young, and so ungentile.

Cord. So Young, my Lord, and True.

Lear. Thy Truth then be thy Dow'r ;
 or by the sacred Sun, and solemn Night,
 here disclaim all my paternal Care,
 And from this Minute hold thee as a Stranger,
 both to my Blood and Favour.

Kent. This is Franzy.

Consider, good my Liege, —————

Lear. Peace, *Kent* ;

Come not between a Dragon and his Rage ;
 I lov'd her most, and in her tender Trust
 Design'd to have bestow'd my Age at Ease :
 So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
 My Heart from her, and with it all my Wealth :
 My Lords of *Cornwall*, and of *Albany*,
 I do invest you jointly in full Right
 In this fair Third, *Cordelia's* forfeit Dow'r.
 Mark me, my Lords, observe our last Resolve,
 Our Self, attended with an hundred Knights,
 Will make Abode with you in monthly Course ;
 The Name alone of King remain with me,
 Yours be the Execution and Revenues ;
 This is our final Will ; and to confirm it,
 This Coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
 Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
 And, as my Patron, thought on in my Prayers, ———

Lear. Away, the Bow is bent, make from the Shaft.

Kent. No, let it fall and drench within my Heart,

Be *Kent* unmannerly when *Lear* is mad :

Thy youngest Daughter —————

Lear. On thy Life no more.

Kent. What wilt thou do, old Man ?

Lear. Out of my Sight.

Kent. See better first.

Lear. Now by the Gods, —————

Kent. Now by the Gods, rash King, thou swear'st in

Lear. Ha, Traitor ! (vain.

Kent. Do, kill thy Physician *Lear* ;

Strike thro' my Throat, yet with my latest Breath

I'll

I'll thunder in thine Ear my just Complaint,
And tell Thee to thy Face that thou dost ill.

Lear. Hear me, rash Man; on thy Allegiance hear me
Since thou hast striv'n to make Us break our Vow,
And prest between our Sentence and our Pow'r,
Which nor our Nature, nor our Place can bear,
We banish thee for ever from our Sight
And Kingdom; if when three Days are expir'd,
Thy hated Trunk be found in our Dominions,
That Moment is thy Death; Away.

Kent. Why fare thee well, King; since thou art re-
I take thee at thy Word, and will not stay, (solv'd.)
To see Thy Fall: The Gods protect the Maid
That truly thinks, and has most justly said.
Thus to new Climates my old Truth I bear,
Friendship lives hence, and Banishment is here. [Exit.]

Lear. Now, *Burgundy*, you see her Price is faln,
Yet if the Fondness of your Passion still
Affects her as she stands, Dow'rless, and lost
In our Esteem, she's your's; take her, or leave her.

Burg. Pardon me, Royal *Lear*, I but demand
The Dow'r yourself propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the Hand, Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir, for by a Father's Rage
I tell you all her Wealth. Away.

Burg. Then, Sir, be pleas'd to charge the Breach
Of our Alliance on your own Will,
Not my Inconstancy.

[Exeunt. Manet *Edgar* and *Cordelia*.]

Edg. Has Heaven then weigh'd the Merit of my Love,
Or is't the Raving of my sickly Thought?
Cou'd *Burgundy* forgo so rich a Prize,
And leave her to despairing *Edgar's* Arms?
Have I thy Hand *Cordelia*? Do I clasp it?
The Hand that was this Minute to have join'd
My hated Rival's? Do I kneel before thee,
And offer at thy Feet my panting Heart?
Smile, Princess, and convince me; for as yet
I doubt, and dare not trust the dazzling Joy.

Cord. Some Comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious Blot
That has depriv'd me of a Father's Grace,

But

but meerly want of that which makes me Rich
 a wanting it ; a smooth professing Tongue :

Sisters ! I am loth to call your Fault
 as it deserves ; but use our Father well,
 and wrong'd *Cordelia* never shall repine.

Edg. O heav'nly Maid ! that art thyself thy Dow'r,
 richer in Virtue than the Stars in Light,

Edgar's humble Fortunes may be grac't
 with thy Acceptance, at thy Feet he lays 'em.
 O, my *Cordelia* ! dost thou turn away ?

What have I done t' offend thee ?

Cord. Talk't of Love.

Edg. Then I've offended oft, *Cordelia* too
 as oft permitted me so to offend.

Cord. When, *Edgar*, I permitted your Addressees,
 was the darling Daughter of a King,
 or can I now forget my Royal Birth,
 and live dependant on my Lover's Fortune ;
 cannot to so low a Fate submit ;

and therefore study to forget your Passion,
 and trouble me upon this Theme no more.

Edg. Thus Majesty takes most State in Distress !
 how are we tost on Fortune's fickle Flood !

The Wave that with surprizing Kindness brought
 the dear Wreck to my Arms, has snatcht it back,
 and left me mourning on the barren Shoar.

Cord. This Baseness of th' ignoble *Burgundy*, [*Aside.*
 draws just Suspicion on the Race of Men ;

this Love was Int'rest, so may *Edgar's* be,
 and He, but with more Complement, dissemble ;
 so, I shall oblige him by denying :

but if his Love be fixt, such constant Flame
 warms our Breasts, if such I find his Passion,
 my Heart as grateful to his Truth shall be,
 and could *Cordelia* prove as kind as He.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bastard hastily.

Bast. Brother, I've found you in a lucky Minute,
 you and be safe, some Villain has incens'd
 our Father against your Life.

Edg. Distress *Cordelia* ! but oh ! more Cruel.

Bast. Hear me, Sir, your Life, your Life's in danger.

B

Edg.

Edg. A Resolve so sudden,
And of such black Importance !

Bast. 'Twas not sudden,
Some Villain has of long Time laid the Train.

Edg. And yet perhaps 'twas but pretended Coldness,
To try how far my Passion would pursue.

Bast. He hears me not; wake, wake, Sir.

Edg. Say ye, Brother? —————

No Tears, good *Edmund*, if thus bring'st me Tydings
To strike me dead, for Charity delay not,
That Present will besit so kind a Hand.

Bast. Your Danger, Sir, comes on so fast,
That I want Time t' inform you; but retire,
Whilst I take Care to turn the pressing Stream.
O Gods! For Heaven's Sake, Sir.

Edg. Pardon me, Sir, a serious Thought
Had seiz'd me, but I think you talk'd of Danger,
And wisht me to retire; Must all our Vows
End thus? — Friend, I obey you. — O *Cordelia*. [*Exit*]

Bast. Ha! ha! fond Man, such credulous Honesty
Lessens the Glory of my Artifice;
His Nature is so far from doing Wrongs,
That he suspects none: If this Letter speed,
And pass for *Edgar's*, as himself wou'd own
The Counterfeit, but for the foul Contents,
Then my Designs are perfect. — Here comes *Gloster*.
Enter Gloster.

Glost. Stay, *Edmund*, turn; What Paper were you

Bast. A Trifle, Sir. [*reading*]

Glost. What needed then that terrible Dispatch of it
Into your Pocket? Come, produce it, Sir.

Bast. A Letter from my Brother, Sir, I had
Just broke the Seal, but knew not the Contents;
Yet, fearing they might prove too blame,
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your Sight.

Glost. 'Tis *Edgar's* Character. [*Read*]

*This Policy of Fathers is intollerable, that keeps our
Fortunes from us 'till Age will not suffer us to enjoy
'em; I am weary of the Tyranny: Come to me
that of this I may speak more. If our Father would
sleep 'till I wak'd him, you shou'd enjoy half
Possessions, and live believ'd of your Brother* *Edg.*

Sleep 'till I wak'd him ! you shou'd enjoy
 Half his Possessions ! ——— *Edgar* to write this
 Gainst his indulgent Father ! Death and Hell !
 Fly, *Edmund*, seek him out, wind me into him,
 That I may bite the Traytor's Heart, and fold
 His bleeding Entrails on my vengeful Arm.

Bast. Perhaps 'twas writ, my Lord, to prove my Vir-

Gloster. These late Eclipses of the Sun and Moon [tue.

Can bode no less ; Love cools, and Friendship fails,
 In Cities Mutiny, in Countries Discord,

The Bond of Nature crackt 'twixt Son and Father :

Find out the Villain ; do it carefully,

And it shall lose thee Nothing. [Exit.

Bast. So now my Project's firm ; but to make sure

'll throw in one Proof more, and that a bold one ;

'll place old *Gloster* where he shall o'er-hear us

Confer of this Design ; whilst, to his thinking,

Deluded *Edgar* shall accuse himself.

Be Honesty my Int'rest, and I can

Be Honest too : And what Saint so Divine,

That will successful Villany decline ?

[Exit.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. Now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst pay thy Duty

In this Disguise, where thou dost stand condemn'd,

Thy Master *Lear* shall find thee full of Labours.

Enter Lear attended.

Lear. In there, and tell our Daughter we are here.

Now, What art thou ?

Kent. A Man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess, or wou'dst with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve

him truly that puts me in Trust, to love him that's

honest, to converse with him that's wise and speaks

truly, to fight when I can't chuse ; and to eat no Fish.

Lear. I say, what art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted Fellow, and as poor as

the King.

Lear. Then art thou poor indeed. ——— What canst

thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest Council, mar a curious Tale

of the Telling, deliver a plain Message bluntly ; that

which

which ordinary Men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is Diligence.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me.

Enter one of Goneril's Gentlemen.

Now, Sir?

Gent. Sir ———— [Exit ; Kent runs after him]

Lear. What says the Fellow ? Call me the Clodpole back

Att. My Lord, I know not ; but methinks your Highness is entertained with slender Ceremony.

Servant. He says, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the Slave back when I call him ?

Serv. My Lord, he answered me i'th' furliest Manner That he wou'd not.

Re-enter Gentleman brought in by Kent.

Lear. I hope our Daughter did not so instruct him.

Now, who am I, Sir ?

Gent. My Lady's Father.

Lear. My Lord's Knave. ———— [Strikes him]

Goneril at the Entrance.

Gon. By Day and Night ; this is insufferable, I will not bear it.

Lear. Now, Daughter, why that Frontlet on ? Speak, does that Frown become our Presence ?

Gent. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, thou vile Civet-box.

[Strikes up his Head]

Gon. Sir, this licentious Insolence of your Servants is most unseemly, hourly they break out in Quarrels bred ; by making this known to you, I thought to have had a Redress, but find too late That you protect and countenance their Outrage ; And therefore, Sir, I take this Freedom, which Necessity makes discreet.

Lear. Are you our Daughter ?

Gon. Come, Sir, let me entreat you to make use Of your Discretion, and put off betimes This Disposition that of late transforms you From what you rightly are,

Lear. Does any here know me ? Why, this is not *Lear*
Do

Does *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his Eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Gon. Come, Sir, this Admiration's much o'th' Savour
Of other your new Humours; I beseech you,
To understand my Purposes aright;
As you are old, you shou'd be staid and wise:
Here do you keep an hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so debauch'd and bold, that this our Palace
Shews like a riotous Inn, a Tavern, Brothel;
Be then advis'd by her that else will take
That which she begs, to lessen your Attendance,
Take half away, and see that the Remainder
Be such as may besit your Age, and know
Themselves and You.

Lear. Darknes and Devils!
Saddle my Horses, call my Train together;
Degenerate Viper, I'll not stay with Thee!
I yet have left a Daughter — Serpent, Monster!
Lessen my Train, and call 'em riotous?
All Men approv'd, of choice and rarest Parts
That each Particular of Duty know. ———
How small, *Cordelia*, was thy Fault? O *Lear*,
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out; Go, go, my People.

Going off meets Albany entring.

Ingrateful Duke, was this your Will?

Alb. What, Sir?

Lear. Death! fifty of my Followers at a Clap!

Alb. The Matter, Madam?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the Cause,
But give his Dotage Way.

Lear. Blasts upon thee,
Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce ev'ry Sense about thee; old fond Eyes,
Lament this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast ye with the Waters that ye lose
To temper Clay. ——— No, *Gorgon*, thou shalt find
That I'll resume the Shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

Gon. Mark ye that.

Lear. Hear Nature!

Dear Goddess hear ; and if thou dost intend
 To make that Creature Fruitful, change thy Purpose ;
 Pronounce upon her Womb the Barren Curse,
 That from her blasted Body never spring
 A Babe to honour her ; — But if she must bring forth,
 Defeat her Joy with some distorted Birth,
 Or monst'rous Form, the Prodigy o' th' Time ;
 And so perverse of Spirit, that it may live
 Her Torment as 'twas born, to fret her Cheeks
 With constant Tears, and wrinkle her young Brow.
 Turn all her Mother's Pains to Shame and Scorn,
 That she may curse her Crime too late, and feel
 How sharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is
 To have a thankless Child : Away, away. [*Exit cum suis*]

Gon. Presuming thus upon his numerous Train,
 He thinks to play the Tyrant here, and hold
 Our Lives at Will.

Alb. Well, you may bear too far.

[*Exit*]

End of the First Act.



A C T II.

SCENE - *Gloster's House.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. HE Duke comes here to Night, I'll take
 the Advantage :



Of his Arrival to complete my Project
 Brother, a Word, come forth ; 'tis
 your Friend, [*Enter Edgar*]

My Father watches for you, fly this Place,

Intelligence is giv'n where you're hid ;

Take the Advantage of the Night ; bethink ye,

Have

ve you not spoke against the Duke of *Cornwal*
 mething might shew you a Favourer of
 ke *Albany's* Party ?

Edg. Nothing ; why ask you ?

Bast. Because he's coming here to Night in haste,
 d *Regan* with him — Heark! the Guards; away.

Edg. Let 'em come on; I'll stay and clear myself.

Bast. Your Innocence at Leisure may be heard,
 t *Gloster's* storming Rage as yet is deaf,
 d you may perish e'er allow'd the Hearing [*Ex. Edgar:*
oster comes yonder : Now to my feign'd Scuffle —
 eld, come before my Father! Lights here, Lights!
 me Blood drawn on me wou'd beget Opinion [*Stabs*
 our more fierce Encounter. — I have seen [*his Arm.*
 unkards do more than this in Sport.

Enter Gloster and Servants.

Gloft. Now, *Edmund*, where's the Traitor ?

Bast. That Name, Sir,
 rikes Horror through me; but my Brother, Sir,
 ood here i' th' Dark.

Gloft. Thou bleed'ft! pursue the Vilain,
 nd bring him Piece-meal to me.

Bast. Sir, he's fled.

Gloft. Let him fly far, this Kingdom shall not hide him :
 he Noble Duke, my Patron comes to Night ;
 y his Authority I will proclaim
 ewards for him that brings him to the Stage,
 nd Death for the Concealer.

hen of my Lands, loyal and natural Boy,

ll work the Means to make thee capable. [*Exeunt.*
nter Kent (disguis'd still) and Goneril's Gentleman,
severally.

Gent. Good-morrow, Friend, belongst thou to this

Kent. Ask them will answer thee. [*House?*

Gent. Where may we set our Horses ?

Kent. I'th' Mire.

Gent. I am in haste, prithee an' thou lov'ft me, tell

Kent. I love thee not. [*me.*

Gent. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. An' I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I'd make
 hee care for me.

Gent.

Gent. What do'st thou mean, I know thee not?

Kent. But, Minion, I know thee.

Gent. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. For a base, proud, beggarly, white-liver'd, glass-glazing, super-serviceable, finical Rogue; Or that wou'd be a Pimp in Way of good Service, an art nothing but a Composition of Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pandar. ———

Gent. What a monst'rous Fellow art thou to rail: One that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. Impudent Slave! not know me, who but two Days since tript up thy Heels before the King: Draw Miscreant, or I'll make the Moon shine through thee.

Gent. What means the Fellow? ——— Why, prithee prithee; I tell thee I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. I know your Rogueship's Office; you come with Letters against the King, taking my young Lady *Vanity's* Part against her Royal Father: Draw, Rascal.

Gent. Murder, Murder, help. [*Exit. Kent after his Flourish.* Enter *Duke of Cornwall*, *Regan*, attended *Gloster*, *Bastard*.

Gloft. All Welcome to your Graces, you do me Honour.

Duke. *Gloster*, We've heard with Sorrow that you have been attempted by your impious Son; [*Li* But *Edmund* here has paid you strictest Duty.

Gloft. He did betray his Practice, and receiv'd The Hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he pursu'd?

Gloft. He is, my Lord.

Reg. Use our Authority to apprehend The Traitor, and do Justice on his Head; For you, *Edmund*, that have so signaliz'd Your Virtue, you from henceforth shall be ours; Natures of such firm Trust we much shall need, A charming Youth, and worth my farther Thought. [*Asia*

Duke. Lay Comforts, noble *Gloster*, to your Breast, As we to ours. This Night be spent in Revels: We chuse you, *Gloster*, for our Host to Night, A troublesome Expression of our Love.

On, to the Sports before us. ——— Who are these?

Enter the Gentleman pursu'd by Kent.

Gloft. Now, what's the Matter?

Duke. Keep Peace upon your Lives, he dies that
Whence, and what are ye? [strikes.]

Att. Sir, they are Messengers, the one from your
sister, the other from the King.

Duke. Your Difference? Speak.

Gent. I'm scarce in Breath, my Lord.

Kent. No Marvel, you have so bestir'd your Valour.
Nature disclaims the Dastard; a Taylor made him.

Duke. Speak yet, how grew you Quarrel?

Gent. Sir, this old Ruffian here, whose Life I spar'd,
in Pity to his Beard. —————

Kent. Thou Essence Bottle!

in Pity to my Beard — Your Leave my Lord,
And I will tread the Muff-cat into Mortar.

Duke. Know'st thou our Presence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but Anger has a Privilege.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a Slave as this shou'd wear a Sword]
And have no Courage; Office, and no Honesty;
Not Frost and Fire hold more Antipathy
Than I and such a Knave.

Gloft. Why dost thou call him Knave?

Kent. His Countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perhaps does Mine, nor His, or Hers.

Kent. Plain Dealing is my Trade, and to be plain, Sir,
I have seen better Faces in my Time,
Than stands on any Shoulders now before me.

Reg. This is some Fellow, that having once been prais'd
For Bluntness, since affects a saucy Rudeness;
But I have known one of these surly Knaves,
That in his Plainness harbour'd more Design
Than twenty cringing complementing Minions.

Duke. What's the Offence you gave him?

Gent. Never any, Sir;

It pleas'd the King, his Master, lately
To strike me on a slender Misconstruction,
Whilst watching his Advantage, this old Lurcher,
Tript me behind, for which the King extoll'd him;
And, flusht with the Honour of this bold Exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Duke.

Duke. Bring forth the Stocks, we'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I'm too old to learn ;

Call not the Stocks for me, I serve the King ;
On whose Employment I was sent to you ;
You'll shew too small Respect, and too bold Malice
Against the Person of my Royal Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Duke. Bring forth the Stocks, as I have Life and Honour
There shall he sit 'till Noon. [noise]

Reg. 'Till Noon, my Lord! 'Till Night, and a
Night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's Dog
You wou'd not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will.

Gloſt. Let me beseech your Graces to forbear him ;
His Fault is much, and the good King his Master
Will check him for't, but needs must take it ill
To be thus slighted in his Messenger.

Duke. We'll answer that ;

Our Sister may receive it worse, to have
Her Gentleman assaulted: To our Business lead. [Exit]

Gloſt. I am sorry for thee, Friend, 'tis the Duke
Whose Disposition will not be controul'd, [Pleasure]
But I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir _____

I have watch'd and travell'd hard,
Some Time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle ;
Farewel t'ye, Sir. [Exit Gloſt]

All weary, and o'er-watcht,
I feel the drowzy Guest steal on me ; take
Advantage heavy Eyes on this kind Slumber,
Not to behold this vile and shameful Lodging. [Sleep]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd,
And by the friendly Hollow of a Tree,
Escape the Hunt, no Port is free, no Place
Where Guards and most unusual Vigilance
Do not attend to take me. — How easy now
'Twere to defeat the Malice of my Trale,
And leave the Griefs on my Sword's reeking Point ;
But Love detains me from Death's peaceful Call,

Sti

ll whispering me, *Cordelia's* in Distress;
 unkind as she is, I cannot see her wretched,
 it must be near to wait upon her Fortune.
 Who knows but the white Minute yet may come,
 when *Edgar* may do Service to *Cordelia*.
 That charming Hope still ties me to the Oar
 of painful Life, and makes me to submit
 to th' humblest Shifts to keep that Life a-Foot;
 my Face I will besmear, and knit my Locks,
 the Country gives me Proof and President
 of *Bedlam* Beggars, who, with roaring Voices
 strike in their numm'd and mortify'd bare Arms
 with Iron-spikes, Thorns, Sprigs of Rosemary,
 and thus from Sheep-coats, Pillages, and Mills,
 sometimes with Prayers, sometimes with Lunatick Bans,
 enforce their Charity, poor *Tyrligod*, poor *Tom*,
 what's something yet, *Edgar* I am no more. [Ex.

Kent in the *Stacks* still; Enter *Lear* attended.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from
 and not send back our Messenger. [Home,

Kent. Hail, noble Master.

Lear. How! Mak'st thou this Shame thy Pastime?
 What's he that has so much mistook thy Place,
 to set thee here?

Kent. It is both He and She, Sir, your Son and
 daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter* I swear no.

Kent. By *Juno* I swear, I swear ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

they cou'd not, wou'd not do't; 'tis worse than Murder,
 to do upon Respect such violent Out-rage.

Resolve me with all modest Haste, which Way
 thou mayst deserve, or they impose this Usage?

Kent. My Lord, when at their Home
 I did commend your Highness Letters to them,
 ere I was ris'n arriv'd another Post,
 heer'd in his Haste, breathless and panting forth

From

From *Goneril*, his Mistress, Salutations,
 Whose Message being deliver'd, they took Horse,
 Commanding me to follow, and attend
 The Leisure of their Answer; which I did;
 But meeting that other Messenger,
 Whose Welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine;
 Being the very Fellow that of late
 Had shewn such Rudeness to your Highness, I
 Having more Man than Wit about me, drew;
 On which he rais'd the House with Coward's Cries:
 This was the Trespass which your Son and Daughter
 Thought worth the Shame you see it suffer here.

Lear. Oh! how this Spleen swells upward to my Heart
 And heaves for Passage. — Down climbing Rage;
 Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?

Kent. Within, Sir, at a Masque.

Enter Gloster.

Lear. Now *Gloster*? — Ha!

Deny to speak with me; th'are sick, th'are weary,
 They have travell'd hard to Night; — mere Fetches;
 Bring me a better Answer.

Gloster. My dear Lord,

You know the fiery Quality of the Duke. —

Lear. Vengeance, Death, Plague, Confusion;
 Fiery! what Quality, — Why *Gloster*, *Gloster*,
 I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwal*, and his Wife.

Gloster. I have inform'd 'em so.

Lear. Inform'd 'em! dost thou understand me, Man
 I tell thee, *Gloster*, —

Gloster. Ay, my good Lord.

[Father]

Lear. The King wou'd speak with *Cornwal*, the dea
 Wou'd with his Daughter speak, commands her Service
 Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!
 Fiery! the fiery Duke! tell the hot Duke —
 No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
 Infirmitie does still neglect all Office;
 I beg his Pardon, and I'll chide my Rashness
 That took the indispos'd and sickly Fit
 For the sound Man: — But wherefore sits he there?
 Death on my State, this Act convinces me
 That this Retiredness of the Duke and her

plain Contempt ; give me my Servant forth ;
 to tell the Duke and his Wife I'd speak with 'em ;
 now, instantly, bid 'em come forth and hear me ;
 at their Chamber Door I'll beat the Drum,
 till it cry sleep to Death. —————

Enter Cornwall and Regan.

1 ! Are you come ?

Duke. Health to the King.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think you are, I know what Cause
 have to think so ; shou'd'st thou not be glad
 you'd divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb ?

loved *Regan*, thou wilt shake to hear
 what I shall utter : Thou cou'd'st ne'er h' thought it,
 thy Sister's naught, O *Regan*, she has ty'd

Kent here set at liberty.

gratitude like a keen Vulture here,
 carce can speak to thee.

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take Patience ; I have Hope
 that you know less to value her Desert,
 than she to slack her Duty.

Lear. Ha ! How's that ?

Reg. I cannot think my Sister in the least
 could fail in her Respects ; but if perchance
 she has restrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
 on such Grounds, and to such wholesome Ends,
 clear her from all Blame.

Lear. My Curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you're old,
 and shou'd content you to be rul'd and led,
 some Discretion that discerns your State
 better than yourself ; therefore, Sir,
 turn to our Sister, and say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ha ! Ask her Forgiveness ?

no, 'twas my Mistake, thou didst not mean so !
 my Daughter, I confess that I am old ;
 she is unnecessary, but thou art good,
 and wilt dispence with my Infirmary.

Reg. Good Sir, no more of these unsightly Passions ;
 turn back to our Sister.

Lear. Never, *Regan*,
 She has abated me of Half my Train,
 Look'd black upon me, stab'd me with her Tongue;
 All the stor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall
 On her ingrateful Head; strike her young Bones
 Ye taking Airs with Lameness.

Reg. O the blest Gods! Thus will you wish on me
 When the rash Mood _____

Lear. No, *Regan*, Thou shalt never have my Curse
 Thy tender Nature cannot give thee o'er
 To such Impiety; Thou better know'st
 The Offices of Nature, Bond of Child-hood,
 And Dues of Gratitude; thou bear'st in Mind
 The Half o'th' Kingdom, which our Love conferr'd
 On thee and thine.

Reg. Good Sir, to the Purpose.

Lear. Who put my Man i'th' Stocks?

Duke. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sisters, this confirms her Letter
 Sir, is your Lady come?

Enter Goneril's Gentleman.

Lear. More Torture still:
 This is a Slave, whose easy borrow'd Pride
 Dwells in the fickle Grace of her he follows;
 A Fashion-fop, that spends the Day in dressing,
 And all to bear his Lady's flatt'ring Message,
 That can deliver with a Grace her Lye,
 And with as bold a Face bring back a greater.
 Out, Varlet, from my Sight.

Duke. What means your Grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my Servant? *Regan*, I have ho
 Thou didst not know it.

Enter Goneril.

Who comes here? Oh Heav'ns!
 If you do love old Men; if you sweet, Sir,
 Allow Obedience; if yourselves are Old,
 Make it your Cause, send down and take my Part?
 Why, *Gorgon*, dost thou come to hunt me here?
 Art not ashamed to look upon this Beard?
 Darkness upon my Eyes, they play me false,
 O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the Hand?

Gon. Why not by th' Hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not Offence that Indiscretion finds,
And Dotage terms so.

Lear. Heart, thou art too tough.

Reg. I pray you, Sir, being old, confess you are so,
f 'till the Expiration of your Month,
You will return and sojourn with our Sister,
Dismissing half your Train, come then to me;
I am now from Home, and out of that Provision
That shall be needful for your Entertainment.

Lear. Return with her, and fifty Knights dismiss'd,
So, rather I'll forswear all Roofs, and chuse
To be Companion to the Midnight Wolf.
My naked Head expos'd to th' merc'less Air,
Than have my smallest Wants supply'd by her.

Gon. At your Choice, Sir.

Lear. Now, I prithee Daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my Child, farewell.
We'll meet no more, no more see one another;
Let Shame come when it will, I do not call it,
do not bid the Thunder-bearer strike,
Nor tell Tales of thee to avenging Heav'n;
I send when thou canst, be better at thy Leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Your Pardon, Sir,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
for your fit Welcome.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. My Sister treats you fair; what! fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive Attendance
from those whom she calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? If then they chance to slack
We cou'd controul 'em. — If you come to me, [you,
or now I see the Danger, I entreat you
to bring but Five and Twenty; to no more
till I give Place.

Lear. Hold now, my Temper, stand this Bolt un-
d I am Thunder-Proof; [mov'd,
the wicked, when compar'd with the more Wicked,

Seem beautiful, and not to be the Worst,
 Stands in some Rank of Praise; now, *Goneril*,
 Thou art Innocent agen, I'll go with thee;
 Thy Fifty yet does double Five and Twenty,
 And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord.

What need you Five and Twenty, Ten, or Five,
 To follow in a House, where twice so many
 Have a Command t' attend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. Blood! Fire! here — Leprosies and blue
 Room, room for Hell to belch her Horrors up [Plague
 And drench the *Circes* in a Stream of Fire;
 Hark, how th' Infernals eccho to my Rage
 Their Whips and Snakes. —

Reg. How leud a Thing is Passion!

Gon. So Old and Stomachful.

[*Light'ning and Thunde*

Lear. Heav'ns drop your Patience down;
 You see me here, ye Gods, a poor old Man,
 As full of Grief as Age, wretched in both —
 I'll bear no more: No, you unnatural Haggs,
 I will have such Revenges on you both,
 That all the World shall — I will do such Things,
 What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
 The Terrors of the Earth; you think I'll weep, [Thunda
 This Heart shall break into a thousand Pieces [agai
 Before I'll weep. — O Gods! I shall go mad. [Exi

Duke. 'Tis a wild Night, come out o' th' Storm. [E


End of the Second Act.





ACT III.

SCENE, *A Desert Heath.**Enter Lear and Kent in the Storm.*

Lear.  LOW Winds, and burst your Cheeks,
rage louder yet,
Fantastick Light'ning finge, finge my
white Head ;
Spout Cataracts, and Hurricanoes fall,
'Till you have drown'd the Towns and Palaces
Of proud ingrateful Man.

Kent. Not all my best Intreaties can persuade him
Into some needful Shelter, or to bide
This poor slight Cov'ring on his aged Head,
Expos'd to this wild War of Earth and Heav'n.

Lear. Rumble thy Fill, fight Whirlwind, Rain and Fire ;
Not Fire, Wind, Rain, or Thunder are my Daughters :
I tax not you, ye Elements, with Unkindness ;
I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children ;
You owe me no Obedience, then let fall
Your horrible Pleasure, here I stand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old Man ;
Yet will I call you servile Ministers,
That have with two Pernicious Daughters join'd,
Their high engender'd Battle against a Head
So Old and White as mine ; Oh ! oh ! 'tis Foul.

Kent. Hard by, Sir, is a Hovel, that will lend
Some Shelter from this Tempest.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, what ! so kind a Fa-
Ay, there's the Point. [ther ?

Kent. Consider, good my Liege. Things that love
Night, Love

Love not such Nights as this; these wrathful Skies
 Frighten the very Wanderers o' th' Dark,
 And make 'em keep their Caves; such drenching Rain,
 Such Sheets of Fire, such Claps of horrid Thunder,
 Such Groans of roaring Winds have ne'er been known.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
 That keep the dreadful Pudder o'er our Heads,
 Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee undiscover'd Crimes!
 Hide, that bloody Hand, _____
 Thou perjurd Villain, holy Hypocrite,
 That drink'st the Widows Tears, sigh now, and cry:
 These dreadful Summoners Grace, I am a Man
 More sin'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Good Sir, to th' Hovel.

Lear. My Wit begins to burn,
 Come on my Boy, how dost my Boy? Art cold?
 I'm cold myself; shew this Straw, my Fellow,
 The Art of our Necessity is strange,
 And can make vile Things precious; my poor Knave,
 Cold as I am at Heart, I've one Place there [*Lond. Storm.*
 That's sorry yet for Thee. [*Exit.*

Gloster's Palace. Enter Bastard.

Bast. The Storm is in our louder Rev'lings drown'd,
 Thus wou'd I Reign, cou'd I but mount a Throne.
 The Riots of these proud imperial Sisters
 Already have impos'd the galling Yoke
 Of Taxes, and hard Impositions, on
 The drudging Peasant's Neck, who bellow out
 Their loud Complaints in vain — Triumphant Queens!
 With what Assurance do they treat the Crowd.
 O for a Taste of such Majestick Beauty,
 Which none but my hot Veins are fit t' engage;
 Nor are my Wishes desp'rate, for even now,
 During the Banquet, I observ'd their Glances
 Shot thick at me; and, as they left the Room,
 Each cast, by stealth, a kind inviting Smile,
 The happy Earnest _____ ha!

*Two Servants, from several Entrances, deliver him each
 a Letter, and Ex.*

Where Merit is so transparent, not to behold it [*Reads.*
 Were

re Blindness, and not to reward it Ingratitude.

Generil.

ough ! Blind and Ingreatful should I be

t to obey the Summons of this Oracle.

w for a Second Letter.

[*Opens the other.*

Modesty be not your Enemy, doubt not to [Reads.

d me your Friend.

Regan.

cellent *Sybil* ! O my glowing Blood !

n already sick of Expectation,

d pant for the Possession. — Here *Gloster* comes

th Bufiness on his Brow ; be hush'd my Joys.

Gloft. I come to seek thee, *Edmund*, to impart a Bu-

fs of Importance ; I knew thy loyal Heart is touch'd

ee the Cruelty of these ungreatful Daughters against

royal Master

Bast. Most savage and unnatural.

Gloft. This Change in the State fits uneasy. The

nmmons repine aloud at their female Tyrants, already

y cry out for the Re-Instalment of their good old

g, whose Injuries, I fear, will inflame 'em into Mu-

7.

Bast. 'Tis to be hop'd, not fear'd.

Gloft. Thou hast it Boy, 'tis to be hop'd indeed ;

me they cast their Eyes, and hourly court me

lead 'em on ; and whilst this Head is mine,

theirs. A little covert Craft, my Boy,

d then for open Action ; 'twill be Employment

orthy such honest daring Souls as thine.

ou, *Edmund*, art my trusty Emissary,

ste on the Spur, at the first Break of Day, [*Gives him*

th these Dispatches to the Duke of *Cambray* ; *Letters.*

u know what mortal Feuds have always flam'd

etween this Duke of *Cornwal*'s Family, and his ;

ll Twenty Thousand Mountaineers

' inveterate Prince will send to our Assistance.

patch ; commend us to his Grace, and prosper.

Bast. Yes, credulous old Man,

will commend you to his Grace,

s Grace the Duke of *Cornwal*——— instantly

o shew him these Contents in thy own Character,

And

And seal'd with thy own Signet ; then forthwith
 The Chol'rick Duke gives Sentence on thy Life ;
 And to my Hand thy vast Revenues,
 To glut my Pleasure that 'till now has starv'd.

*Gloster going off is met by Cordelia ent'ring, Bastard
 observing at a Distance.*

Cord. Turn, *Gloster*, turn, by the sacred Pow'rs
 I do conjure you, give my Grievs a Hearing ;
 You must, you shall, nay, I am sure you will,
 For you were always styl'd the Just and Good.

Gloster. What wou'dst thou, Princess ? rise, and speak.

Cord. Nay, you shall promise to redress 'em too, [Grievs
 Or here I'll kneel for ever ; I entreat
 Thy Succour for a Father, and a King,
 An injur'd Father, and an injur'd King.

Bastard. O charming Sorrow ! How her Tears adorn
 Like Dew on Flow'rs, but she is virtuous,
 And I must quench this hopeless Fire i' th' kindling.

Gloster. Consider, Princess,
 For whom thou beg'st, 'tis for the King that wrong'd thee.

Cord. O name not that ; he did not, cou'd not wrong
 Nay, muse not, *Gloster*, for it is too likely
 This injur'd King e'er this, is past your Aid,
 And gone distracted with his savage Wrongs

Bastard. I'll gaze no more, — and yet my Eyes are charm'd.

Cord. Or, what if it be worse ?
 As 'tis too probable, this furious Night
 Has pierc'd his tender Body, the bleak Winds
 And cold Rain chill'd, or Lightning struck him dead
 If it be so, your Promise is discharg'd,

And I have only one poor Boon to beg,
 That you'd convey me to his breathless Trunk,
 With my torn Robes to wrap his hoary Head,
 With my torn Hair to bind his Hands and Feet,
 Then with a Show'r of Tears
 To wash his Clay-smear'd Cheeks, and die beside him.

Gloster. Rise, fair *Cordelia*, thou hast Piety
 Enough t' atone for both thy Sisters Crimes.
 I have already plotted to restore
 My injur'd Master, and thy Virtue tells me
 We shall succeed, and suddenly.

[Exit
 Cordelia]

Cord. Dispatch, *Arante*,
Provide me a Disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the King, and bring him some Relief.

Ar. How, Madam! Are you ignorant
Of what your impious Sisters have decreed?
Immediate Death for any that relieve him.

Cord. I cannot dread the Furies in this Case.

Ar. In such a Night as this? Consider Madam,
For many Miles about there's scarce a Bush
To shelter in.

Cord. Therefore no shelter for the King,
And more our Charity to find him out:
What have not Women dar'd for vicious Love?
And we'll be shining Proofs that they can dare
For Piety as much. Blow Winds, and Light'nings fall,
Should in my Virgin Innocence, I'll fly
To my Royal Father to relieve, or die. [Exit.

Bast. Provide me a Disguise, we'll instantly
Go seek the King; — ha! ha! A lucky Change,
That Virtue which I fear'd would be my Hind'rance,
Has prov'd the Bond to my Design;
I'll bribe two Ruffins shall at Distance follow,
And seize 'em in some desert Place; and there
Whilst one retains her, t' other shall return
To inform me where she's lodg'd; I'll be disguis'd too,
Whilst they are poching for me, I'll to the Duke
With these Dispatches, then to th' Field,
Where, like the vig'rous *Jove*, I will enjoy
This *Semele* in a Storm, 'twill deaf her Cries
Like Drums in Battle, lest her Groans should pierce
My pitying Ear, and make the amorous Fight less fierce. [Exit.

Storm still. The Field Scene. Enter Lear and Kent.

Kent. Here is the Place my Lord; good my Lord enter;
The Tyranny of this open Night's too rough
For Nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord; enter.

Lear. Wilt break my Heart?

Kent. Beseech you, Sir.

Lear.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contention
 Invades us to the Skin ; so 'tis to thee ; (Stor
 But where the greater Malady is fixt,
 The lesser is scarce felt : The Tempest in my Mind
 Does from my Senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there. Filial Ingratitude !
 Is it not as this Mouth should tear this Hand
 For lifting Food to 't ? — But I'll punish ; Home
 No, I will no more ; in such a Night
 To shut me out. — Pour on, I will endure
 In such a Night as this : O *Regan, Generil!*
 Your old kind Father, whose frank Heart gave all ;
 O that Way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
 No more of that.

Kent. See, my Lord, here's the Entrance,

Lear. Well, I'll go in
 And pass it all, I'll pray, and then I'll sleep :
 Poor naked Wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That 'bide the pelting of this pittance Storm,
 How shall your houseless Heads and unfed Sides
 Sustain this Stock ? Your raggedness defend you
 From Seasons such as these.
 O ! I have ta'en too little Care of this,
 Take Physick, Pomp,
 Expose thy self to feel what Wretches feel,
 That thou may'st cast the Superflux to them,
 And shew the Heav'ns more just.

Edgar in the Howel.

Five Fathom and a half, poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' th
 Come forth. (Straw

Edgar. Away ! The foul Fiend follows me — Throug
 the sharp Haw-Thorn blows the cold Wind. — Mun
 go to the Bed and warm thee. — Ha ! What do
 see ? By all my Grievs the poor old King bareheaded,
 And drench'd in this fow Storm, professing *Syren*,
 Are all your Protestations come to this ?

Lear. Tell me, Fellow, did'st thou give all to th
 (Daughters

Edgar. Who gives any Thing to poor *Tom*, whor
 she foul Fiend has led thro' Fire, and thro' Flame, thro
 Bushes

ushes, and Bogs ; that has laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue ; that has made him proud of Heart to ride on a Bay-trotting Horse over four inch'd Bridges, to course his own Shadow for a Traitor. — Bless thy five Wits. *Tom's* a cold. [*Shivers.*] Bless thee from Whirl-Winds, Star-blasting, and taking : Do poor *Tom* some Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes. — a, fa ; there I could have him now, and there, and here agen.

Lear. Have his Daughters brought him to this pass ?
 Thou'dst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

Kent. He has no Daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, Traytor, nothing cou'd have subdu'd
 'o such a Lowness, but his unkind Daughters. (Nature

Edg. Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill ; hallo, hallo,

Lear. Is it the Fashion that disgarded Fathers (hallo.
 should have such little Mercy on their Flesh ?

adicious Punishment, 'twas his Flesh begot

those Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Take heed of the fow Fiend ; obey thy Parents,
 keep thy Word justly ; swear not ; commit not with
 Man's sworn Spouse ; set not thy sweet Heart on proud-
 array ; *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving Man proud of Heart, that curl'd my
 Hair, us'd Perfume and Washes ; that serv'd the Lust of
 my Mistress's Heart, and did the Act of Darknes with
 her ; swore as many Oaths as I spoke Words ; and
 broke 'em all in the sweet Face of Heaven : Let not
 the Paint, nor the Patch, nor the Rushing of Silks be-
 tray thy poor Heart to Woman ; keep thy Foot out of
 Brothels, thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Cre-
 ditors Books, and defy the foul Fiend. — Still through
 the Haw-Thorn blows the cold Wind. — Sefs, Suum,
 Mun, Nonny, Dolphin, my Boy ! — Hist, the Boy
 the Boy ! Sefey ! Soft, let him trot by.

Lear. Death ! thou wert better in thy Grave, then
 thus to answer with thy uncover'd Body, this Extremi-
 ty of the Sky. And yet consider him well, and Man's
 no more than this ; thou art indebted to the Worm for
 no Silk, to the Beast for no Hide, to the Cat for no
 Perfume.

Perfume.——Ha! here's two of us are sophisticated
thou art the Thing itself, unaccomodated Man is no more
than such a poor bare fork'd Animal as thou art.
Off, off, ye vain Disguises, empty Lendings,
I'll be my original self, quick, quick, uncase me.

Kent. Defend his Wits, good Heaven!

Lear. One Point I had forgot; what's your Name?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming Frog, the
Wall-Nut and the Water-Nut; that in the Fury of his
Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, eats Cow-Dung for
Sallats, swallows the old Rat, and the Ditch-Dog, that
drinks the green Mantle of the standing Pool, that
whipt from Tithing to Tithing, that has three Suits to
his Back, six Shirts to his Body.

Horse to ride, and Weapon to wear,
But Rats and Mice, and such small Deer,
Have been *Tom's* Food for seven long Year.

Beware, my Follower; Peace, Smulk'n, Peace, thou
foul Fiend.

Lear. One Word more, but be sure true Counsel
tell me, is a Madman a Gentleman, or a Yeoman?

Kent. I fear'd 'twou'd come to this; his Wits are
gone.

Edg. *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero*, is an
Angler in the Lake of Darknes. Pray, *Innocent*, and
beware the foul Fiend.

Lear. Right, ha! ha! Was it not Pleasant to have
a Thousand with red hot Spits come hissing in upon 'em?

Edg. My Tears begin to take his Part so much
They mar my Counterfeiting. (*Afide*)

Lear. The little Dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and
Sweet-Heart, see they bark at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his Head at 'em; avaunt, ye Curs

Be thy Mouth, or black, or white,
Tooth that poysons if it bite;
Mastiff, Grey-Hound, Mungrel, Grim,
Hound, or Spanial, Brach, or Hym;
Bob-Tail, Hight, or Trundle-Tail,
Tom will make 'em weep and wail;
For with throwing thus my Head,
Dogs leap the Hatch, and all are fled.

Ud, de, de, de, See, fee, fee, Come, march to Wakes, and Fairs, — and Market-Towns. — Poor *Toms*, thy Horn is dry.

Lear. You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred, only I do not like the Fashion of your Garments; you'll say they're *Persian*, but no Matter, let 'em be chang'd.

Enter Gloster.

Edg. This is the foul *Flibertigibet*; he begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cock, he gives the Web, and the Pin; knits the Elflack; squints the Eye, and makes the Hair-Lip; mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth.

Switbin footed thrice the Cold,

He met the Night-Mare and her Nine-Fold,

'Twas there he did appoint her;

He bid her alight, and her Troth plight,

And arroynt the Witch, arroynt her.

Gloft. What, has your Grace no better Company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman; *Modo* he is call'd, and *Mabu*.

Gloft. Go with me, Sir, hard-by. I have a Tenent.

My Duty cannot suffer me to obey in all your Daughters hard Commands, who have enjoyn'd me to make fast my Doors, and let this tyrannous Night take hold upon you. Yet have I ventur'd to come to seek you out, and bring you where both Fire and Food is ready.

Kent. Good my Lord take his Offer.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher;

say, *Staggerite*, what is the Cause of Thunder.

Gloft. Beseech you, Sir, go with me.

Lear. I'll take a Word with this same learned *Thebane*.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you a Word in private.

Kent. His Wits are quite unsettled; good Sir, let's force him hence.

Gloft. Can't blame him? His Daughters seeks his Death; this Bedlam but disturbs him the more. Fellow, be gone.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tow'r came,

D

His

His Word, was still, Fi, Fo, and Fum,
I smell the Blood of a *British* Man. — Oh! Torture!
[Exit.]

Gloft. Now, I prethee Friend, let's take him in our
Arms, and carry him where he shall meet both Welcome,
Good Sir, along with us. (and Protection.)

Lear. You say right, let 'em anatomize *Regan*, for
what breeds about her Heart; is there any Cause in
Nature for these hard Hearts?

Kent. I beseech your Grace.

Lear. Hift! — Make no Noise, make no Noise —
so so; we'll to Supper i' th' Morning. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cordelia and Arante.

Ar. Dear Madam, rest ye here, our Search is vain,
Look, here's a Shed; beseech ye, enter here.

Cord. Prethee go thy self, seek thy own Ease,
Where the Mind's free, the Body's delicate;
This Tempest but diverts me from the Thought
Of what would hurt me more.

Enter two Ruffians

1. *Ruff.* We have dogg'd 'em far enough, this Place
I'll keep 'em Prisoners here within this Hovel, (private)
Whilst you return and bring Lord *Edmund* hither;
But help me first to House 'em

2. *Ruff.* Nothing but this, dear Devil, [Shows Gold]
Shou'd have drawn me through all this Tempest;
But to our Work.

[They seize Cordelia and Arante, who shriek out]
Soft Madam, we are Friends; dispatch, I say.

Cord. Help, Murder, help; Gods! Some kind Thun-
der To strike me dead. (derbe)

Enter Edgar.

Edg. What Cry was that? — Ha, Women seiz-
Is this a Place and Time for Villany? (by Ruffian)
Avaunt, ye Blood-Hounds. [Drives 'em with his Qu-
(ter Sta-
(Run e

Both. The Devil, the Devil!

Edg. O speak, what are ye that appear to be
O' th' tender Sex, and yet unguarded wander
Through the dread Mazes of this dreadful Night,
Where (tho' at full) the clouded Moon scarce darts
Imperfect Glimmerings?

Cord. First say, what art thou?
Our Guardian Angel, that wer't pleas'd t' assume
That horrid Shape to fright the Ravishers?
We'll kneel to thee.

Edg. O my tumultuous Blood!
By all my trembling Veins, *Cordelia's* Voice!
'Tis she herself! — My Senses sure confirm
To my wild Garb, and I am mad indeed. [*Aside.*]

Cord. What e'er thou art, befriend a wretched Virgin,
And, if thou canst, direct our weary Search.

Edg. Who relieves poor *Tom*, that sleeps on the Net-
tle, with the Hedge-Pig for his Pillow.

Whilst *Smug* ply'd the Bellows
She truckt with her Fellows,
The Freckle-Fac'd Mab
Was a Blouze, and a Drab,

Yet *Switbin* made *Oberon* jealous. — Oh! Torture.

Ar. Alack! Madam, a poor wand'ring Lunatick.

Cord. And yet his Language seem'd but now well
temper'd.

Speak, Friend, to one more wretched than thy self;
And if thou hast one Interval of Sense,

Inform us, if thou canst, where we may find
A poor old Man, who through this Heath has stray'd
The tedious Night. — Speak, sawest thou such a one?

Edg. The King her Father, whom she's come to seek;
Through all the Terrors of this Night: O Gods! [*Aside.*]
That such amazing Piety, such Tenderness
Shou'd yet to me be cruel.

Yes, fair one, such a one was lately here,
And is convey'd by some that came to seek him,
To a neighb'ring Cottage; but distinctly where,
I know not.

Cord. Blessings on 'em;
Let's find him out, *Arante*, for thou seest
We are in Heavens Protection. [*Going off.*]

Edg. O *Cordelia*!

Cord. Ha! — Thou know'st my Name.

Edg. As you did once know *Edgar's*.

Cord. *Edgar*!

Edg. The poor Remains of *Edgar*, what your Scorn
Has left him.

Cord. Do we wake, *Arante*?

Edg. My Father seeks my Life, which I preserv'd,
In hopes of some blest Minute to oblige;
Distrest *Cordelia*, and the Gods have giv'n it;
That Thought alone prevail'd with me to take
This frantick Dress, to make the Earth my Bed,
With these bare Limbs all Change of Seasons bide,
Noons scorching Heat, and Midnights piercing Cold,
To feed on Offals, and to drink with Herds,
To combat with the Winds, and be the Sport
Of Clowns, or what's more wretched yet; their Pity.

Ar. Was ever Tale so full of Misery!

Edg. But such a Fall as this I grant was due
To my aspiring Love, for 'twas presumptuous,
Though not presumtuously pursu'd;
For well you know I wore my Flames conceal'd,
And silent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs
'Till you perceiv'd my Grief, with modest Grace
Drew forth the Secret, and then seal'd my Pardon.

Cord. You had your Pardon, nor can you challenge

Edg. What do I challenge more? (more.)

Such Vanity agrees not with these Rags;
When in my prosp'rous State, rich *Gloster's* Heir,
You silenc'd my Pretences, and enjoyn'd me
To trouble you upon that Theme no more;
Then what Reception must Loves Language find
From these bare Limbs and Beggar's humble Weeds?

Cord. Such as the Voice of Pardon to a Wretch con-
Such as the Shouts (deinn'd;
Of succ'ring Forces to a Town besieg'd.

Edg. Ah! What new Method now of Cruelty!

Cord. Come to my Arms; thou dearest, best of Men,
And take the kindest Vows that e'er were spoke
By a protesting Maid.

Edg. Is't possible?

Cord. By the dear Vital Stream that bathes my Heart,
These hallowed Rags of thine, and naked Virtue,
These abject Tassels, these fantastick Shreds,
(Ridiculous ev'n to the meanest Clown)
To me are dearer than the richest Pomp
Of purple Monarchs.

Edg.

Edg. Generous charming Maid,
The Gods alone that made, can rate thy Worth?
This most amazing Excellence shall be
My Name's Triumph in succeeding Ages, when
Thy bright Example shall adorn the Scene,
And teach the World Perfection.

Cord. Cold and weary,
We'll rest a while, *Arante*, on that Straw,
Then forward to find out the poor old King.

Edg. Look, I have Flint and Steel, the Implements
Of wand'ring Lunatics; I'll strike a Light,
And make a Fire beneath this Shed, to dry
Thy Storm drench'd Garments, 'ere thou lie to rest thee;
Then fierce and wakeful as th' *Hesperian* Dragon,
'll watch beside thee to protect thy Sleep;
Mean while the Stars shall dart their kindest Beams,
And Angels visit my *Cordelia's* Dreams. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *the Palace.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Bastard, Servants. Cornwall
with Gloster's Letters.

Duke. I will have my Revenge 'ere I depart his House.
Regan, see here, a Plot upon our State;
'Tis *Gloster's* Character, that has betray'd
His double Trust of Subject, and of Host.

Reg. Then double be our Vengeance, this confirms
Th' Intelligence that we now receiv'd,
That he has been this Night to seek the King;
But who, Sir, was the kind Discoverer?

Duke. Our *Eagle*, quick to spy, and fierce to seize;
Our trusty *Edmund*.

Reg. 'Twas a noble Service;
O *Cornwall*, take him to thy deepest Trust,
And wear him as a Jewel at thy Heart.

Bast. Think, Sir, how hard a Fortune I sustain,
That makes me thus repent of serving you; [Weeps.]
O that this Treason had not been, or I
Not the Discoverer.

Duke. *Edmund*, thou shalt find

A Father in our Love, and from this Minute
 We call thee Earl of *Gloster*; but there yet
 Remains another Justice to be done,
 And that's to punish this discarded Traitor;
 But lest thy tender Nature should relent
 At his just Sufferings, nor brook the Sight,
 We wish thee to withdraw.

Reg. The *Grotto*, Sir, within the lower Grove [Ex. Bastar]
 Has Privacy to suit a Mourner's Thought. (Edmund *ast*)

Bast. And there I may expect a Comforter,
 Ha, Madam?

Reg. What may happen, Sir, I know not,
 But 'twas a Friend's Advice. [Ex. Bastar]

Duke. Bring in the Traytor:

Gloster brought in.

Bind fast his Arms.

Gloft. What mean your Graces?

You are my Guests, pray do me no foul Play.

Duke. Bind him, I say, hard, harder yet.

Reg. Now, Traytor, thou shalt find _____

Duke. Speak, Rebel, where hast thou sent the King
 Whom, spight of our Decree, thou saw'st last Night.

Gloft. I'm ty'd to th' Stake, and must stand the Court.

Reg. Say where, and why thou hast conceal'd him?

Gloft. Because I wou'd not see thy cruel Hands
 Tear out his poor old Eyes, nor thy fierce Sister
 Carve his anointed Flesh; but I shall see

The swift wing'd Vengeance overtake such Children.

Duke. See't thou shalt never, Slaves perform your Work
 Out with those treacherous Eyes; dispatch, I say,
 If thou seek Vengeance. _____

Gloft. He that will think to live 'till he be old,
 Give me some Help. — O cruel! oh! ye Gods.

[They put out his Eye]

Serv. Hold, hold, my Lord, I bar your Cruelty,
 I cannot love your safety, and give Way
 To such a barbarous Practice.

Duke. Ha? my Villain.

Serv. I have been your Servant from my Infancy,
 But better Service have I never done you
 Than with this Boldness. _____

Duke.

Duke. Take thy Death, Slave.

Serv. Nay, then revenge whilst yet my Blood is warm.

Reg. Help here. — Are you not hurt, my Lord? [Fight.]

Gloft. Edmund, enkindle all the Sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid Act.

Reg. Out treacherous Villian,
Thou call'st on him that hates thee, it was he
That broach'd thy Treason, shew'd us thy Dispatches;
There, — read, and save the *Cambrian* Prince a La-
If thy Eyes fail thee, call for Spectacles. (bour.

Gloft. O my Folly!

Then *Edgar*, was abus'd, kind Gods, forgive me that.

Reg. How is't, my Lord?

Duke. Turn out that Eye-less Villain, let him smell
His Way to *Cambray*, throw this Slave upon a Dunghil,
Regan, I bleed a pace, give me your Arm.

Gloft. All dark, and comfortless!

Where are those various Objects, that, but now,
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where those Eyes?
Dead are their piercing Rays that lately shot
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant Snowy Hills,
And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in.
These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And feeling all my Sight:

O Misery! What Words can sound my Grief?
Shut from the Living whilst amongst the Living;
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World.

At once from Business, and from Pleasure bar'd:
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring,
Nor see the Face of Kindred, or of Friend;
Yet still one Way th' extreamest Fate affords,
And ev'n the Blind can find the Way to Death.
Must I then tamely die, and unreveng'd?

O *Lear* may fall: No, with these bleeding Rings
will present me to the pitying Croud,
and with the Rhetorick of these dropping Veins
inflame 'em to revenge their King and me;
When when the glorious Mischief is on Wing,
his Lumber from some Precipice I'll throw;
and dash it on the ragged Flint below;

Whence

Whence my freed Soul to her bright Sphere shall fly,
 Through boundless Orbs, eternal Regions spy;
 And, like the Sun, be all one glorious Eye. [Ex.]

End of the Third Act.



A C T I V.

A G R O T T O.

*Edmund and Regan amorously seated, listening to
 Musick.*

Bast.



Why were those Beauties made another's Right,
 Which none can prize like me? Charming Queen,
 Take my blooming Youth, for ever for
 In those soft Arms, lull me in endless Sleep, (n
 That I may dream of Pleasures too transporting
 For Life to bear.

Reg. Live, live, my *Gloster*,
 And feel no Death, but that of swooning Joy?
 I yield the Bliss on no harder Terms
 Than that thou continue to be happy.

Bast. This Jealousy is yet more kind, is't possible
 That I should wander from a Paradise
 To feed on sickly Weeds? Such Sweets live here
 That Constancy will be no Virtue in me:
 And yet must I forthwith go meet her Sister, [Af
 To whom, I must protest as much, _____
 Suppose it be the same; why, best of all,

nd I have then my Lesson already conn'd.

Reg. Wear this Remembrance of me. — I dare now
[Gives him a Ring.

bsent my self no longer from the Duke,
Whose Wound grows dangerous, I hope mortal.

Bast. And let this happy Image of your *Gloster*,
[Pulling out a Picture, drops a Note.
odge in that Breast where all his Treasure lies. [Exit.

Reg. To this brave Youth a Woman's blooming Beauties
re due; my Fool usurps my Bed — What's here?
onfusion on my Eyes. [Reads.

*Where Merit is transparent, not to behold it were
Blindness; and not to reward it, Ingratitude.*

Goneril.

exatious Accident! Yet fortunate too,
y Jealousy's confirm'd, and I am taught
o cast for my Defence — [Enter an Officer.

ow, what mean those Shouts? And that thy hasty En-
Off. A most surprizing and a sudden Change; (trance?
he Peasants are all up in Mutiny,
nd only want a Chief to lead 'em on
o storm your Palace.

Reg. On what Provocation?

Off. At last Day's publick Festival, to which
he Yeomen from all Quarters had repair'd,
d *Gloster*, whom you late depriv'd of Sight,
(his Veins yet streaming fresh,) presents himself,
oclaims your Cruelty, and their Oppression,
ith the King's Injuries; which so enrag'd 'em,
hat now that Mutiny, which long had crept,
akes Wing, and threatens your best Pow'rs.

Reg. White-liver'd Slave!

ur Forces rais'd, and led by valiant *Edmund*,
all drive this Monster of Rebellion back
o her dark Cell; young *Gloster's* Arm allays
he Storm, his Father's feeble Breath did raise. [Exit.

The Field S C E N E, Enter *Edgar*.

Edg. The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune
nds still in Hope, and is secure from Fear;
he lamentable Change is from the Best,
he worst returns to better. — Who comes here?

Enter

Enter Gloster, led by an old Man.

My Father poorly led ! depriv'd of Sight !
The precious Stones torn from their bleeding Rings !
Something I heard of this inhuman Deed,
But disbeliev'd it, as an Act too horrid
For the hot Hell of a curst Woman's Fury ;
When will the Measure of my Woes be full ?

Gloster. Revenge, thou art on foot, Success attend th
Well have I sold my Eyes, if the Event
Prove happy for the injur'd King.

Old M. O, my good Lord, I have been your Tena
and your Father's Tenant these Fourscore Years.

Gloster. Away, get thee away, good Friend be gone,
Thy Comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt:

Old M. You cannot see your Way.

Gloster. I have no Way, and therefore want no Eyes.
I stumbled when I saw : O dear Son *Edgar*,
The Food of thy abused Father's Wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
I'd say, I had Eyes agen.

Edgar. Alas, he's sensible that I was wrong'd,
And shou'd I own my self, his tender Heart
Would break betwixt the Extreame of Grief and Joy.

Old M. How now, who's there ?

Edgar. A Charity for poor *Tom*. Play fair, and do
the foul Fiend:

O Gods! And must I still pursue this Trade, [As
Trifling beneath such Loads of Misery ?

Old M. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Gloster. In the late Storm, I such a Fellow saw,
Which made me think a Man a Worm,
Where is the Lunatick ?

Old M. Here, my Lord.

Gloster. Get thee now away, if for my Sake
Thou wilt o'er-take us hence a Mile, or two,
I' th' Way to *Dover*, do't for antient Love,
And bring some Cov'ring for this naked Wretch,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old M. Alack, my Lord, he's mad. (Blin

Gloster. 'Tis the Time's Plague when mad-Men lead
Do as I bid thee.

Old M. I'll bring him the best 'Parrel that I have,
ome on't what will.

[*Exit.*

Gloft. Sirrah, naked Fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom's* a cold; — I cannot fool it longer,
nd yet I must. — Bless thy sweet Eyes, they bleed;
elieve't poor *Tom* ev'n weeps his blind to see 'em.

Gloft. Know'st thou the Way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both Stile and Gate, Horse Way and Foot-Path;
oor *Tom* has been scar'd out of his good Wits; bless
very true Man's Son from the foul Fiend.

Gloft. Here take this Purse; that I am wretched
akes thee the happier, Heav'n deal so still.

hus let the griping Uferers Hoard be scatter'd,
o Distribution shall undo Excess

nd each Man have enough. Dost thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay, Master.

Gloft. There's a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
ooks dreadfully down on the roaring Deep;
ring me but to the very Brink of it,
nd I'll repair the Poverty thou bear'st.

With something rich about me, from that Place
shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy Arm: Poor *Tom* shall guide thee.

Gloft. Soft, for I hear the Tread of Passengers.

Enter Kent and Cordelia.

Cord. Ah me! your Fear's too true, it was the King;
spoke but now with some that met him

s mad as the vex'd Sea singing aloud,
rown'd with rank Femiter, and Furrow Weeds,
With Berries, Burdocks, Violets, Dazies, Poppies,
nd all the idle Flowers that grow

n our sustaining Corn; conduct me to him,
nd Heav'n so prosper thee.

Kent. I will, good Lady.

sa, *Gloster* here! — Turn, poor dark Man, and hear
Friend's Condolement, who at Sight of thine
orget's his own Distress, thy old true *Kent*.

Gloft. How, *Kent*? From whence return'd?

Kent. I have not since my Banishment been absent,
ut in Disguise follow'd th' abandon'd King:

Was me thou saw'st with him in the late Storm.

Gloft.

Gloft. Let me embrace thee, had I Eyes, I now
Should weep for Joy ; but let this trickling Blood
Suffice instead of Tears.

Cord. O Misery !

To whom shall I complain, or in what Language?
Forgive, O wretched Man, the Piety
That brought thee to this Pass, 'twas I that caus'd it ;
I cast me at thy Feet and beg of thee
To crush these weeping Eyes to equal Darknes,
If that will give thee any Recompence.

Edg. Was ever Season so distrest as this? [*Affected*]

Gloft. I think *Cordelia's* Voice! rise pious Princess,
And take a dark Man's Blessing.

Cord. O, my *Edgar* !

My Virtue's now grown guilty, works the Bane
Of those that do befriend me, Heav'n forsakes me,
And when you look that Way, it is but just -
That you shou'd hate me too.

Edg. O wave this cutting Speech, and spare to Wound
A Heart that's on the Rack.

Gloft. No longer cloud thee, *Kent* in that Disguise,
There's Business for thee, and of noblest Weight ;
Our injur'd Country is at length in Arms,
Urg'd by the King's inhuman Wrongs and Mine,
And only want a Chief to lead 'em on.
That Task be thine.

Edg. Brave *Britains*, then there's Life in't yet. [*Affected*]

Kent. Then have we one Cast for our Fortune yet.
Come, Princess, I'll bestow you with the King,
Then on the Spur to head these Forces.
Farewel, good *Gloster*, to our conduct trust.

Gloft. And be your Cause as prosp'rous as 'tis just. [*Exit*]

Goneril's Palace. Enter Goneril, Attendants.

Gon. It was great Ignorance, *Gloster's* Eyes being out
To let him live, where he arrives he moves
All Hearts against us ; *Edmund* I think is gone,
In Pity to his Misery, to dispatch him.

Gent. No, Madam, he's return'd on speedy Summons
Back to your Sister.

Gon. Ha ! I like not that, [*banter*]
Such speed must have the Wings of Love ; where's
Ge.

Gent. Madam, within, but never Man so chang'd ;
I told him of the Uproar of the Peasants,
He smil'd at it, when I inform'd him
Of *Gloster's* Treason. —————

Gon. Trouble him no farther,
It is his coward Spirit ; back to our Sister,
Hasten her Musters, and let her know
I have giv'n the Distaff into my Husband's Hands.
That done, with special Care deliver these Dispatches
In private to young *Gloster*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O Madam, most unseasonable News,
The Duke of *Cornwall's* dead of his late Wound,
Whose Loss your Sister has in Part supply'd,
Making brave *Edmund* General of her Forces.

Gon. One Way I like this well ;
But being a Widow, and my *Gloster* with her,
May blast the promis'd Harvest of our Love.
A Word more, Sir, ——— add Speed to your Journey,
And if you chance to meet with that blind Traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [Ex.

The Field SCENE, *Gloster and Edgar.*

Gloft. When shall we come to th' Top of that same

Edg. We climb it now, mark how we labour. (Hill?)

Gloft. Methinks the Ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep ; heark, do you hear the Sea ?

Gloft. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your Eyes Anguish.

Gloft. So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better Phrase and Matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd, in nothing am I alter'd
But in my Garments.

Gloft. Methinks y' are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the Place, how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low.

The Crows and Choughs that Wing the mid-Way Air
Hew scarce so big as Beetles ; half Way down

Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadful Trade !

The Fisher-Men that walk upon the Beach

E

Appear

Appear like Mice ; and yon tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy,
Almost too small for Sight ; the murmuring Surge
Cannot be heard so high ; I'll look no more
Lest my Brain turn, and the Disorder make me
Tumble down head-long.

Gloft. Set me where you stand.

Edg. You are now within a Foot of th' extream Verge
For all beneath the Moon I wou'd not now
Leap forward.

Gloft. Let go my Hand ;
Here, Friend, is another Purse, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor Man's Taking ; get thee farther,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Fare you well, Sir. — That I do trifle thus
With this his Despair, is with Design to cure it.

Gloft. Thus, mighty Gods, this World I do renounce
And in your Sight shake my Afflictions off ;
If I cou'd bear 'em longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppofeless Wills,
My Snuff and feebler Part of Nature shou'd
Burn itself out ; if *Edgar* liv'd, O, bless him.
Now, Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, Sir, farewell.
And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The Treasury of Life, had he been where he thought
By this had Thought been past. — Alive, or Dead
Ho, Sir, Friend ; hear you, Sir, speak. —
Thus might he pass indeed, — yet he revives.
What are you, Sir ?

Gloft. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been ought but Gosmore Feather
Falling so many Fathom down, (A
Thou hadst shiver'd like an Egg ; but thou dost breathe
Hast heavy Substance, bleed't it ? Not speak ! Art sound
Thy Life's a Miracle.

Gloft. But have I fal'n, or no ?

Edg. From the dread Summit of this chalky Bourne
Look up, an Height, the shrill tun'd Lark so high
Cannot be seen, or heard ; do but look up.

Gloft. Alack, I have no Eyes.

Wretchedness depriv'd that Benefit
To end itself by Death?

Edg. Give me your Arm.

Up; so, how is't? Feel you your Legs? You stand.

Gloft. Too well, too well.

Edg. Upon the Brow o' th' Cliff, what Thing was
Which parted from you? (that

Gloft. A poor unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his Eyes
Were two full Moons, wide Nostrils breathing Fire.

It was some Fiend, therefore thou happy Father,
Think that th' all powerful Gods, who make them Ho-
Of Mens Impossibilities, have preserv'd thee. (nours

Gloft. 'Tis wonderful; henceforth I'll bear Affliction
Till it expire; the Goblin which you speak of,

took for a Man; oft-times t'would say,
The Fiend, the Fiend: He led me to that Place. (here?

Edg. Bear free and patient Thoughts? But who comes

*Enter Lear, a Coronet of Flowers on his Head; a
Wreaths, and Garlands about him.*

Lear. No, no; they cannot touch me for coyning;
I am the King himself.

Edg. O piercing Sight.

Lear. Nature's above Art in that Respect; there's
our Pres-Money: That Fellow handles his Bow like a
Bow-Keeper: ——— Draw me a Clothier's Yard. A
Moose, a Mouse, peace, ho! There's my Gauntlet;
I prove it on a Giant: Bring up the brown Bills: O
Well flown Bird; i' th' White, i' th' White. ———

Laugh! Give the Word,

Edg. Sweet *Marjorum*.

Lear. Pass.

Gloft. I know that Voice.

Lear. Ha! *Goneril* with a white Beard! They flat-
ter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs on my
chin, before the black ones were there; to say ay and
no to every Thing that I said: Ay and no too was no
good Divinity. When the Rain came once to wet me,
and the Winds to make me chatter; when the Thunder
would not peace at my bidding. There I found 'em,
and ere I smelt 'em out; go too, they are not Men of
their

their Words; they told me I was a King; 'tis a Lye
I am not Ague proof.

Gloft. That Voice I well remember, is't not the King's?

Lear. Ay, every Inch a King, when I do Stare
See how the Subject quakes.

I pardon that Man's Life; what was the Cause?

Adultery? Thou shalt not die. Die for Adultery!

The Wren goes to't, and the small gilded Flie

Engenders in my Sight; Let Copulation thrive;

For *Gloster's* Bastard Son was kinder to his Father

Than were my Daughters got i' th' Lawful Bed.

To't Luxury, *Pell-Mell*, for I lack Soldiers.

Gloft. Not all my Sorrows past so deep have touch'd me
As the sad Accents: Sight were now a Torment. —

Lear. Behold that simp'ring Lady, she that starts
At Pleasures Name, and thinks her Ear profan'd

With the least wanton Word; wou'd you believe it,

The Fitcher, nor the pamper'd Steed goes to't

With such a riotous Appetite: Down from the Wall

they are *Centaurs*, though Women all above; but to't

Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiend

there's Hell, there's Darknes, the sulphurous unfathom'd.

Fie! Fie! Pah! — An Ounce of *Civet*, good Ap

thecary, to sweeten my Imagination. — There's M

ney for thee.

Gloft. Let me kiss that Hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of Mortality.

Gloft. Speak, Sir, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy Eyes well enough: Nay,
thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. — Read me't

Challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Gloft. Were all the Letters Suns, I cou'd not see.

Edg. I wou'd not take this from Report; wretch

What will thy Virtue do when thou shalt find (*Cordelia*)

This fresh Affliction added to the Tale

Of thy unparallell'd Grievs.

Lear. Read.

Gloft. What! with this Case of Eyes?

Lear. O ho! Are you there with me? No Eyes
your Head, and no Money in your Purse? Yet you
how this World goes.

Gloſt. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What! Art mad! A Man may ſee how this World goes with no Eyes. Look with thy Ears; ſee how yon Juſtice rails on that ſimple Thief; ſhake 'em together, and the firſt that Drops, be it Thief, or Juſtice, is a Villian. — Thou haſt ſeen a Farmer's Dog bark at a Beggar.

Gloſt. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the Man ran from the Cur; there thou might'ſt behold the great Image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou Rascal, Beadle, hold up thy bloody Hand, why doſt thou laſh that Strumpet? Thou hotly luſt'ſt to enjoy her in that Kind for which thou whip'ſt her; do, do, the Judge that ſentenc'd her has been before-hand with thee.

Gloſt. How ſtiff is my vile Senſe, that yields not yet?

Lear. I tell thee the Uſurer hangs the Couz'ner, — through tatter'd Robes ſmall Vices do appear; Robes, and Fur-Gowns hide all: Place Sins with Gold; why there 'tis for thee, my Friend, make much of it; it has the Power to ſeal the Accuſer's Lips. Get thee glaſs Eyes, and like a ſcurvy Politician, ſeem to ſee the Things thou doſt not. Pull, pull off my Boots; hard, harder; ſo, ſo.

Gloſt. O Matter and Impertinency mixt? Reason in Madneſs.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my Fortunes; take my Eyes, I know thee well enough, thy Name is *Gloſter*. Thou muſt be patient, we come crying hither Thou know'ſt, the firſt Time that we taſte the Air We wail and cry, — I'll preach to thee, mark.

Edg. Break lab'ring Heart.

Lear. When we are born we cry that we are come To this great Stage of Fools. —

Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.

Gent. O! here he is; lay Hand upon him, Sir: Your deareſt Daughter ſends —

Lear. No Reſcue? What! A Priſoner? I am even the natural Fool of Fortune: Uſe me well, you ſhall have Ranſom. — Let me have Surgeons? O! I am ut to th' Brains.

Gent. You shall have any Thing.

Lear No Seconds? All my self? I will die bravely like a smug Bridegroom, flush'd and pamper'd as a Priest's Whore. I am a King, my Masters, know ye that?

Gent. You are a Royal One, and we obey you?

Lear. It were an excellent Stratagem to shoe a Troop of Horse with Felt, I'll put in proof. — no Noise, no Noise. — Now will we steal upon these Sons-in-Law, and then — Kill, kill, kill, kill! [*Ex. Rung.*]

Glost. A Sight most moving in the meanest Wretch, Past speaking in a King. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor Man made tame to Fortune's Strokes, And prone to pity by experienc'd Sorrows; give me your
(Hand.

Glost. You ever gentle Gods take my Breath from me, And let not my ill Genius tempt me more To die before you please.

Enter Goneril's Gentleman-Usher.

Gent. A proclaim'd Prize, O most happily met, That Eye-less Head of thine was first fram'd Flesh To raise my Fortunes; thou old unhappy Traitor, The Sword is out that must destroy thee.

Glost. Now let thy friendly Hand put Strength enough

Gent. Wherefore bold Peasant, (to't.
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Lest I destroy thee too. Let go his Arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without 'vurther 'Casion.

Gent. Let go, Slave, or thou dyest.

Edg. Good Gentleman go your Gate, and let poor Volk pass; and chu'd ha' bin' zwagger'd out of my Life, it wou'd not a bin zo long as 'tis by a Vort-Night — Nay, an' thou com'st near th' old Man, I'll try whether your Costard, or my Ballow be th' harder.

Gent. Out Dunghil.

Edg. Chill pick your Teeth, Zir; come, no Matter Hoines.

Gent. Slave, thou hast slain me; oh, untimely Death

Edg. I know thee well, a serviceable Villian, As duteous to the Vices of thy Mistress, As Lust cou'd wish.

Glost. What! Is he dead?

Edg. Sit you, Sir, and rest you.
 'This is a Letter Carrier, and may have
 some Papers of Intelligence, that may stand
 our Party in good stead to know. — What's here?

[*Takes a Letter out of his Pocket ; opens, and reads.*
 'O *Edmund Earl of Gloster.*

*Let our mutual Loves be remember'd, you have many
 Opportunities to cut him off. If he return the
 Conqueror, then I am still a Prisoner, and his
 Bed my Goal ; from the loath'd Warmth of
 which deliver me, and supply the Place for your
 Labour.*

Goneril.

Plot upon her Husband's Life,
 and the Exchange my Brother ! — Here i' th' Sands
 will rake thee up, thou Messenger of Lust,
 griev'd only that thou hadst no other Deaths-Man.

In Time and Place convenient I'll produce
 these Letters to the Sight of th' injur'd Duke,
 as best shall serve our Purpose ; come, your Hand.
 Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum,
 come, Sir, I will bestow you with a Friend. [*Exeunt.*
*A Chamber. Lear asleep on a Couch ; Cordelia, and
 Attendants standing by him.*

Cord. His Sleep is sound, and may have good Effect
 to cure his jarring Senses, and repair
 this Breach of Nature.

Phys. We have employ'd the utmost Pow'r of Art,
 and this deep Rest will perfect our Design.

Cord. O *Regan, Goneril !* Inhuman Sisters,
 had he not been your Father, these white Hairs
 had challeng'd sure some Pity ? Was this a Face
 to be expos'd against the jarring Winds ?

My Enemy's Dog, though he had bit me, shou'd (to him)
 have stood that Night against my Fire. — He wakes, speak

Gent. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest. (*jesty ?*)

Cord. How do's my royal Lord ? How fares your Ma-

Lear. You do me Wrong to take me out o' th' Grave.

Ha ! Is this too a World of Cruelty ?

I know my Privilege, think not that I will

be us'd like a wretched Mortal ? No,

No more of that.

Cord.

Cord. Speak to me, Sir, whom am I ?

Lear. You are a Soul in Blifs, but I am bound
Upon a Wheel of Fire, which my own Tears
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a Spirit, I know ; where did you die

Cord. Still, still, far wide. (compos'd)

Phys. Madam he's scarce awake ; he'll soon grow mor

Lear. Where have I been ? Where am I ? Fair Day
I am mightily abus'd, I shou'd even die with Pity (Light
To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my Hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your Hands in Blessing over me ; nay,
You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old Man,
Fourscore and upward ; and to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect Mind.

Cord. Nay, then farewell to Patience : Witness for me
Ye mighty Pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd 'till now !

Lear. Methinks I shou'd know you, and know this Man
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What Place this is, and all the Skill I have
Remembers not these Garments ; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last Night. — Pray do not mock me
For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady
To be my Child *Cordelia*.

Cord. O my dear, dear Father !

Lear. Be your Tears wet ? Yes faith ; pray do not weep ;
I know I have giv'n thee Cause, and am so humbled
With Crosses since, that I cou'd ask
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it ; but I'm well assur'd
Thou can't not ; therefore I do stand thy Justice ;
If thou hast Poyson for me I will drink it,
Bless thee, and die.

Cord. O pity, Sir, a bleeding Heart, and cease
This killing Language.

Lear. Tell me, Friends, where am I ?

Gent. In your own Kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, for the Violence
Of his Distemper's past; we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, 'till he is better settled.
Wil't please you, Sir, walk into freer Air?

Lear. You must bear with me, I am Old and Foolish.
[*They lead him off.*]

Cord. The Gods restore you. — Heark, I hear afar
The beaten Drum, Old *Kent's* a Man of's Word.
O for an Arm

Like the fierce Thunderer's, when the Earth-born Sons
Storm'd Heav'n, to fight this injur'd Father's Battle!
That I cou'd shift my Sex, and die me deep
In his Opposer's Blood! But as I may,
with Womens Weapons, Piety and Pray'rs,
I'll aid his Cause. — You never erring Gods.
Fight on his Side, and Thunder on his Foes
Such Tempests as his poor ag'd Head susta in'd,
Your Image suffers when a Monarch bleeds.
'Tis your own Cause, for that your Succors bring,
Revenge your selves, and right an injur'd King.


End of the Fourth Act.



A C T V.

S C E N E, *A Camp.*

Enter Goneril and Attendants.

Gon.  UR Sister's Pow'rs already are arriv'd,
And she herself has promis'd to prevent
The Night with her Approach: Have
you provided

The Banquet I bespoke for her Recepti-

At my Tent?

(on
Att.

Att. So, please your Grace, we have.

Gon. But thou, my Prisoner, must prepare the Bow
That Crowns this Banquet, when our Mirth is High,
The Trumpets sounding, and the Flutes replying,
Then is the Time to give this fatal Draught
To this Imperious Sister; if then our Arms succeed,
Edmund, more dear than Victory, is mine.
But if Defeat, or Death it self attend me,
'Twill charm my Ghost to think I've left behind me,
No happy Rival. Hark, she comes. [*Trumpet.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bastard in his Tent.

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworn my Love,
Each jealous of the other, as the Stung
Are of the Adder; neither can be held
If both remain alive; where shall I fix?
Cornwall is dead, and *Regan's* empty Bed
Seems cast by Fortune for me, but already
I have enjoy'd her, and bright *Goneril*
With equal Charms brings dear Variety,
And yet untasted Beauty: I will use
Her Husband's Countenance for the Battle, then
Usurp at once his Bed and Throne. [*Enter Officers.*
My trusty Scouts y'are well return'd; have ye descry'd
The Strength and Posture of the Enemy?

Off. We have, and were surpriz'd to find
The banish'd *Kent* return'd, and at their Head;
Your Brother *Edgar* on the Rear; old *Gloster*
(A moving Spectacle) led through their Ranks,
Whose pow'rful Tongue, and more prevailing Wrongs,
Have so enrag'd their rustick Spirits, that with
Th' approaching Dawn we must expect their Battle.

Bast. You bring a welcome Hearing; each to his Charge.
Line well your Ranks, and stand on your Award,
To Night repose you, i' th' Morn we'll give
The Sun a Sight that shall be worth his rising. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E. *a Valley near the Camp.*

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here, Sir, you take the Shadow of this Tree -
For

For your good Host ; pray that the Right may thrive :
 If ever I return to you again
 I'll bring you Comfort. [Exit.

Gloſt. Thanks, friendly Sir ;

The Fortune your good Cause deserves betide you.

An Alarm ; after which Gloſter ſpeaks.

The Fight grows hot ; the whole War's now at work,
 And the goar'd Battle bleeds in every Vein.

Whilst Drums and Trumpets drown loud Slaughters Roar :

Where's *Gloſter* now that us'd to head the Fray,
 And ſcour the Ranks where deadliest Danger lay ?

Here, like a Shepherd, in a lonely Shade,

Idle, unarm'd, and liſtning to the Fight ;

Yet the diſabled Courſer, maim'd and blind,

When to the Stall he hears the ratling War,

Foaming with Rage, tears up the batter'd Ground,

And tugs for Liberty.

No more of Shelter, thou blind Worm, but forth

To th' open Field, the War may come this Way,

And crush thee into Reſt. — Here lie thee down,

And tear the Earth, that Work befits a Mole.

O dark Deſpair ! When, *Edgar*, wilt thou come

To pardon, and diſmiſs me to the Grave ? [A Retreat

Heark ! A Retreat, the King has loſt, or won. (ſounded.

Re-enter Edgar, bloody.

Edg. Away, old Man, give me your Hand, away !

King *Lear* has loſt ; he and his Daughter ta'en,

And this, ye Gods, is all that I can ſave

Of this moſt precious Wreck ; give me your Hand.

Gloſt. No farther, Sir, a Man may rot, even here.

Edg. What ! In ill Thoughts again ? Men muſt en-
 Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither. (dure

Gloſt. And that's true too.

[Exeunt.

Flouriſh. Enter in Conqueſt, Albany, Goneril, Regan,
 Baſtard. — Lear, Kent, Cordelia, *Prisoners.*

Alb. It is enough to have conquer'd, Cruelty

Shou'd ne'er ſurvive the Fight. Captain o'th' Guards,

Treat well your royal *Prisoners* 'till you have

Our farther Orders, as you hold our Pleaſure.

Gon. Heark ! Sir, not as you hold our Husband's Plea-
 ſure. [To the Captain aſide.

But

But as you hold your Life, dispatch your Pris'ners.
 Our Empire can have no sure Settlement
 But in their Death, the Earth that covers them
 Binds fast our Throne. Let me hear they are dead.

Capt. I shall obey your Orders.

Bast. Sir, I approve it safest to pronounce
 Sentence of Death upon this wretched King,
 Whose Age has Charms in it, his Title more,
 To draw the Commons once more to his Side,
 'Twere best prevent _____

Alb. Sir, by your Favour,
 I hold you but a Subject of this War,
 Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
 Have you forgot that he did lead our Pow'rs ;
 Bore the Commission of our Place and Person ?
 And that Authority may well stand up,
 And call it self your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot,
 In his own Merits he exalts himself
 More than in your Addition.

Enter Edgar disguis'd.

Alb. What art thou ?

Edg. Pardon me, Sir, that I presume to stop
 A Prince and Conqueror, yet 'ere you Triumph,
 Give Ear to what a Stranger can deliver
 Of what concerns you more than Triumph can.
 I do impeach your General there of Treason,
 Lord *Edmund*, that usurps the Name of *Gloster*,
 Of foulest Practice 'gainst your Life and Honour ;
 This Charge is true, and wretched though I seem,
 I can produce a Champion that will prove
 In single Combat what I do avouch :
 If *Edmund* dares but trust his Cause and Sword.

Bast. What will not *Edmund* dare ! My Lord, I be
 The Favour that you'd instantly appoint
 The Place where I may meet this Challenger,
 Whom I will sacrifice to my wrong'd Fame ;
 Remember, Sir, that injur'd Honour's nice,
 And cannot brook delay.

Alb. Anon, before our Tent, i' th' Army's View,
 There let the Herald cry.

Edg.

Edg. I thank your Highness in my Champion's Name,
I'll wait your Trumpet's Call.

Alb. Lead.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lear, Kent, Cordelia, guarded.

Lear. O Kent, Cordelia!

You are the only Pair that I e'er wrong'd,
And the just Gods have made you Witnesses
Of my Disgrace, the very Shame of Fortune,
To see me chain'd and shackl'd at these Years!
If it were you but Spectators of my Woes,
Not Fellow-Sufferers, all were well!

Cord. This Language, Sir, adds yet to our Affliction.

Lear. Thou, Kent, didst head the Troops that fought
Forpos'd thy Life and Fortunes for a Master (my Battle,
Which had (as I remember) banish'd thee.

Kent. Pardon me, Sir, that once I broke your Orders;
Banish'd by you, I kept me here disguis'd
To watch your Fortunes, and protect your Person;
You know you entertain'd a rough blunt Fellow,
Myself *Cajus*, and you thought he did you Service.

Lear. My trusty *Cajus*, I have lost him too! [*Weeps.*
He was a rough Honesty.

Kent. I was that *Cajus*,
Disguis'd in that coarse Dress, to follow you.

Lear. My *Cajus* too! Wer't thou my trusty *Cajus*?
Enough, enough. —

Cord. Ah me, he faints! his Blood forsakes his Cheek,
Help, Kent. —

Lear. No, no, they shall not see us weep,
I'll see them rot first. — Guards, lead away to Prison;
Come, Kent, Cordelia, come;
We two will sit alone, like Birds i' th' Cage,
When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee Forgiveness; thus we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old Tales, and laugh
At gilded Butter-Flies, hear Sycophants
Talk of Court News, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,
And take upon us the Mystery of Things
If we were Heav'n's Spies.

Cord. Upon such Sacrifices

The Gods themselves throw Incense.

Lear. Have I caught ye ?

He that parts us must bring a Brand from Heav'n :
Together we'll out-toil the Spight of Hell,
And die the Wonders of the World ; away.

[*Exeunt guarded*

Flourish. Enter before the Tents, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Guards and Attendants ; Goneril speaking a part to the Captain of the Guards ent'ring. (man

Gon. Here's Gold for thee, thou know'st our late Com
Upon your Pris'ners Lives ; about it streight, and at
Our Ev'ning Banquet let it raise our Mirth,
To hear that they are dead.

Capt. I shall not fail your Orders. [E:

Albany, Goneril, Regan, take their Seats.

Alb. Now, *Gloster*, trust to thy single Virtue, for th
All levied in my Name, have in my Name (Soldie
Took their Discharge ; now let our Trumpets speak,
And Herald read out this. [Herald read

*If any Man of Quality, within the Lists of t
Army, will maintain upon Edmund, suppos
Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor
let him appear by the third Sound of the Trun
pet ; he is bold in his Defence. — Age
agen. [Trumpets answers from withi*

Enter Edgar arm'd.

Alb. Lord Edgar !

Bast. Ha ! My Brother !

This is the only Combatant that I cou'd fear ?
For in my Breast Guilt duels on his Side,
But, Conscience, what have I to do with thee ?
Awe thou thy dull legitimate Slaves, but I
Was born a Libertine, and so I keep me.

Edg. My noble Prince, a Word ; — 'ere we enga
Into your Highness's Hands I give this Paper,
It will the Truth of my Impeachment prove,
Whatever be my Fortune in the Fight.

Alb. We shall peruse it.

Edg. Now *Edmund*, draw thy Sword,
That if my Speech has wrong'd a noble Heart,
Thy Arm may do thee Justice : Here i' th' Presence

Of this high Prince, these Queens, and this crown'd List,
 brand thee with the spotted Name of Traitor.
 False to thy Gods, thy Father, and thy Brother,
 and what is more, thy Friend, false to this Prince :
 If then thou shar'st a Spark of *Gloster's* Virtue,
 Acquit thy self ; or if thou shar'st his Courage,
 Meet this Defiance bravely.

Bast. And dares *Edgar*,
 The beaten routed *Edgar*, brave his Conquerour ?
 From all thy Troops and Thee I forc'd the Field,
 Thou hast lost the gen'ral Stake, and art thou now
 Come with thy petty single Stock to play
 This after Game ?

Edg. Half-blooded Man,
 Thy Father's Sin first, then his Punishment ;
 The dark and vicious Place where he begot thee.
 Cost him his Eyes ; from thy licentious Mother
 Thou draw'st thy Villany ; but for thy Part
 Of *Gloster's* Blood, I hold thee worth my Sword.

Bast. Thou bear'st thee on thy Mother's Piety,
 Which I despise ; thy Mother being chaste
 Thou art assur'd thou art but *Gloster's* Son ;
 But mine, disdainng Constancy, leaves me
 No hope that I am sprung from nobler Blood,
 And possibly a King might be my Sire :
 But be my Birth's uncertain Chance as 'twill,
 Who 'twas that had the Hit to Father me
 I know not ; 'tis enough that I am I :
 Of this one Thing I'm certain, — that I have
 A daring Soul, and so have at thy Heart.
 Sound Trumpet. [*Fight, Bastard falls.*]

Gon. and Reg. Save him, save him.

Gon. This was Practice, *Gloster*,
 Thou won'st the Field, and wast not bound to fight
 A vanquish'd Enemy. Thou art not conquer'd,
 But couz'n'd and betray'd.

Alb. Shut your Mouth, Lady,
 For with this Paper I shall stop it. — Hold, Madam,
 Thou worse than any Name, read thy own Evil ;
 No Tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, who shall arraign me for't ?

The Laws are mine, not thine.

Alb. Most monstrous! Ha! Thou know'st it too

Bast. Ask me not what I know,

I have not Breath to answer idle Questions.

Abl. I am resolv'd ——— your Right, brave Sir, to
conquer'd. [To Edga]

Along with me, I must consult your Father. [Ex. Alban]

Reg. Help every Hand to save a noble Life; (and Edg)

My half o'th' Kingdom for a Man of Skill

To stop this precious Stream.

Bast. Away ye Empyricks,

Torment me not with your vain Offices;

The Sword has pierc'd too far; *Legitimacy*

At last has got it.

Reg. The Pride of Nature dies.

Gon. Away, the Minutes are too precious,

Disturb us not with thy impertinent Sorrow.

Reg. Art thou my Rival then profess?

Gon. Why, was our Love a Secret? Cou'd there be

Beauty like mine, and Gallantry like his,

And not a mutual Love? Just Nature then

Had err'd. Behold that Copy of Perfection,

That Youth whose Story will have no foul Page,

But where it says he stoop'd to *Regan's* Arms:

Which yet was but Compliance, not Affection;

A Charity to begging, ruin'd Beauty!

Reg. Who begg'd when *Goneril* writ that? Expose

[Throws her a Letter]

And let it be your Army's Mirth, as 'twas

This charming Youth's and mine, when in the Bow'r

He breath'd the warmest Extasies of Love;

Then panting on my Breast, cry'd, matchless *Regan!*

That *Goneril* and thou shou'd e'er be kin!

Gon. Die; *Circe*, for thy Charms are at an End,

Expire before my Face, and let me see

How well that boasted Beauty will become

Congealing Blood, and Death's convulsive Pangs:

Die and be hush'd, for at my Tent last Night

Thou drank'st thy Bane, amidst thy rev'ling Bowls:

Ha! Dost thou smile? Is then thy Death thy Sport?

Or has the trusty Potion made thee mad?

Reg. Thou com'st as short of me in thy Revenge,
As in my *Gloster's* Love; my Jealousy
Inspir'd me to prevent thy feeble Malice,
And poison thee at thy own Banquet.

Gon. Ha!

Bast. No more, my Queen's, of this untimely Strife,
You both deserv'd my Love, and both possess it.
Come, Soldiers, bear me in; and let
Your Royal Presence grace my last Minutes;
Now, *Edgar*, thy proud Conquest I forgive;
Who wou'd not chuse, like me, to yield his Breath
To have Rival Queens contend for him in Death? [*Exit*]

S C E N E, *A Prison.*

Lear asleep, with his Head on Cordelia's Lap.

Cord. What Toils, thou wretched King, hast thou en-
deavour'd to make thee draw, in Chains, a Sleep so found? (dur'd
Thy better Angel charm thy ravish'd Mind
With fancy'd Freedom; Peace is us'd to lodge
On Cottage Straw. Thou hast the Beggar's Bed,
Therefore shoud'st have the Beggar's careless Thought.
And now, my *Edgar*, I remember thee,
What Fate has seiz'd thee in this general Wreck
I know not, but I know thou must be wretched,
Because *Cordelia* holds thee dear.

(Image)
O Gods! A sudden Gloom o'erwhelms me, and the
Flood of Death o'er-spreads the Place. — Ha! Who are these?

Enter Captain and Officers with Cords.

Capt. Now, Sirs, dispatch, already you are paid
in Part, the Best of your Reward's to come.

Lear. Charge, charge upon their Flank, their last Wing
push, push the Battle, and the Day's our own. (halts.
Their Ranks are broke, down with *Albany*.

Who holds my Hands? — O thou deceiving Sleep,
Was this very Minute on the Chace;
And now a Prisoner here. — What mean the Slaves?
You will not murder me?

Cord. Help, Earth and Heaven!

For your Soul's Sake, dear Sirs, and for the Gods.

Off. No Tears, good Lady, no pleading against Gold
Come, Sirs, make ready your Cords. (and Preferment.

Cord. You, Sir, I'll seize,
You have a human Form, and if no Prayer's
Can touch your Soul to spare a poor King's Life,
If there be any Thing that you hold dear,
By that I beg you to dispatch me first.

Capt. Comply with her Request; dispatch her first.

Lear. Off Hell-Hounds, by the Gods I charge you spare
'Tis my *Cordelia*, my true pious Daughter; (her;
No Pity? — Nay, then take an old Man's Vengeance.

*Snatches a Partisan, and strikes down two of them;
the Rest quit Cordelia, and turn upon him.*

Enter Edgar and Albany.

Edg. Death! Hell! Ye Vultures, hold your impious
Or take a speedier Death than you wou'd give. (Hands,

Capt. By whose Command?

Edg. Behold the Duke, your Lord.

Alb. Guards, seize those Instruments of Cruelty.

Cord. My *Edgar*, O!

Edg. My dear *Cordelia*! Lucky was the Minute
Of our Approach, the Gods have weigh'd our Suff'rings;
W'are past the Fire, and now must shine to Ages.

Gent. Look here, my Lord, see where the generous
Has slain two of 'em. (King

Lear. Did I not, Fellow?

I've seen the Day, with my good biting Faulchion
I cou'd have made 'em skip: I am Old now,
And these vile Crosses spoil me; out of Breath.
Fie, oh! quite out of Breath, and spent.

Alb. Bring in old *Kent*; and, *Edgar*, guide you hither
Your Father, whom you said was near, [*Exit Edgar.*
He may be an Ear-Witness at the least
Of our Proceedings. [*Kent brought in here.*

Lear. Who are you?

My Eyes are none o'th' Best, I'll tell you streight;
Oh *Albany*! Well, Sir, we are your Captives,
And you are come to see Death pass upon us.

Why this Delay. — Or is't your Highness's Pleasure.

To

To give us first the Torture? Say ye so?
 Why here's old *Kent* and I, as tough a Pair
 As e'er bore Tyrants Stroke. — But my *Cordelia*,
 My poor *Cordelia* here, O pity. —

Alb. Take off their Chains. — Thou injur'd Majesty,
 The Wheel of Fortune now has made her Circle,
 And Blessings yet stand 'twixt thy Grave and thee.

Lear. Com'it thou inhuman Lord, to sooth us back
 To a Fool's Paradise of Hope, to make
 Our Doom more wretched? Go to, we are too well
 Acquainted with Misfortune to be gull'd
 With lying Hope; no, we will hope no more.

Alb. I have a Tale, t' unfold so full of Wonder
 As cannot meet an easy Faith;
 But by that Royal injur'd Head 'tis true.

Kent. What wou'd your Highness?

Alb. Know, the noble *Edgar*
 [Impeach'd Lord *Edmund*, since the Fight, of Treason,
 And dar'd him for the Proof to single Combat,
 In which the Gods confirm'd his Charge by Conquest;
 I left ev'n now the Traitor wounded mortally!

Lear. And whether tends this Story?

Alb. 'Ere they fought
 Lord *Edgar* gave into my Hands this Paper,
 A blacker Scrawl of Treason, and of Lust,
 Than can be found in the Records of Hell;
 There, sacred Sir, behold the Character
 Of *Goneril*, the worst of Daughters, but
 More vicious Wife.

Cord. Cou'd there be yet Addition to their Guilt?
 What will not they that wrong a Father do?

Alb. Since then my Injuries, *Lear*, fall in with thine,
 have resolv'd the same Redress for both.

Kent. What says my Lord?

Cord. Speak, for methought I heard
 The charming Voice of a descending God.

Alb. The Troops, by *Edmund* rais'd, I have disbanded;
 whose that remain are under my Command.

What Comfort may be brought to cheer your Age,
 and heal your savage Wrongs, shall be apply'd,
 or to your Majesty we do resign

Your

Your Kingdom, save what Part your self conferr'd
On us in Marriage.

Kent. Hear you that, my Liege?

Cord. Then they are Gods, and Virtue is their Care.

Lear. Is't possible?

Let the Spheres stop their Course, the Sun make halt,
The Winds be hush'd, the Seas and Fountains rest;
All Nature pause, and listen to the Change.

Where is my *Kent*, my *Cajus*?

Kent. Here, my Liege.

Lear. Why I have News that will recal thy Youth;
Ha! Didst thou hear't, or did th' inspiring Gods
Whisper to me alone? Old *Lear* shall be
A King again.

Kent. The Prince, that like a God has Pow'r, has said

Lear. *Cordelia* then shall be a Queen, mark that: (it
Cordelia shall be a Queen; Winds catch the Sound,
And bear it on your rosy Wings to Heav'n.
Cordelia is a Queen.

Re-enter Edgar with Gloster.

Alb. Look, Sir, where pious *Edgar* comes,
Leading his Eye-less Father; O my Liege!
His wond'rous Story will deserve your Leisure;
What he has done and suffer'd for your Sake,
What for the fair *Cordelia*'s.

Gloft. Where's my Liege? Conduct me to his Knees,
His second Birth of Empire; my dear *Edgar.* (to hail
Has, with himself, reveal'd the King's blest Restauration.

Lear. My poor dark *Gloster.*

Gloft. O let me kiss that once more sceptred Hand!

Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the Majesty, kneel here;
Cordelia has our Pow'r, *Cordelia*'s Queen.
Speak, is not that the noble sur'ring *Edgar*?

Gloft. My pious Son, more dear than my lost Eyes.

Lear. I wrong'd him too, but here's the fair amends.

Edg. Your Leave, my Liege, for an unwelcome Mes-
Edmund (but that's a Trifle) is expir'd; (sige.
What more will touch you, your imperious Daughters,
Goneril and haughty *Regan*, both are dead,
Each by the other poison'd at a Banquet;
This, dying, they confess.

Cord.

Cord. O fatal Period of ill govern'd Life!

Lear. Ingrateful as they were, my Heart feels yet
A Pang of Nature for their wretched Fall; —

But, *Edgar*, I defer thy Joys too long :

Thou serv'dst distrest *Cordelia* ; take her crown'd ;

Th' imperial Grace fresh blooming on her Brow ;

Nay, *Gloster*, thou hast here a Father's Right,

Thy helping Hand t' heap Blessings on their Heads.

Kent. Old *Kent* throws in his hearty Wishes too.

Edg. The Gods and you too largely Recompence
What I have done ; the Gift strikes Merit dumb.

Cord. Nor do I blush to own my self o'er-paid
For all my Suff'rings past.

Gloft. Now, gentle Gods, give *Gloster* his Discharge.

Lear. No, *Gloster*, thou hast Business yet for Life ;

Thou, *Kent*, and I, retir'd to some close Cell

Will gently pass our short Reserves of Time

In calm Reflections on our Fortunes past,

Cheer'd with Relation of the prosperous Reign.

Of this cœlestial Pair ; thus our Remains

Shall in an even Course of Thought be past,

Enjoy the present Hour, nor fear the last.

Edg. Our drooping Country now erects her Head,

Peace spreads her balmy Wings, and Plenty blooms.

Divine *Cordelia*, all the Gods can witness

How much thy Love to Empire I prefer !

Thy bright Example shall convince the World

(Whatever Storms of Fortune are decreed)

That Truth and Virtue shall at last succeed.

[*Ex. Omnes*]



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

INconstancy, the reigning Sin o' th' Age,
Will scarce endure true Lovers on the Stage,
You hardly ev'n in Plays with such dispence,
And Poets kill 'em in their own Defence.
Yet one bold Proof I was resolv'd to give,
That I cou'd three Hours Constancy out-live.
You fear, perhaps, whilst on the Stage w'are made
Such Saints, we shall indeed take up the Trade;
Sometimes we threaten, — but our Virtue may
For Truth I fear with your Pit-Valour weigh:
For (not to flatter either) I much doubt
When we are off the Stage, and you are out,
We are not quite so Coy, nor you so Stout.
We talk of Nunneries, — but to be sincere
Whoever lives to see us cloyster'd there,
May hope to meet our Criticks at Tangier.

For

EPILOGUE.

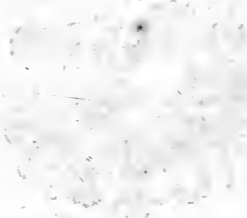
*For Shame give over this inglorious Trade
Of worrying Poets, and go maul th' Alcade.
Well — since y'are all for blust'ring in the Pit,
The Play's Reviver humbly do's admit
Your abs'lute Pow'r to damn his Part of it.
But still so many Master-Touches shine
Of that vast Hand that first laid this Design,
That in great Shakespear's Right, he's bold to say,
If you like nothing you have seen to Day,
The Play your Judgment damns, not you the Play.*

FINIS.



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